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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Countess Faustina: a Novel. Translated from the German of the Countess Ida Von Hahn-Hahn, by A. E. I. 2 vols. J. Ollivier. WHETHER this book has any moral may be doubted, and whether it may tend to immorality is equally uncertain; for the character upon which every thing turns is so extraordinary, that it is not likely she will have many followers or human beings of a similar kind. The heroine is a lady of superlative genius, peculiarly independent principles, and strong passions. Her virtues being purely philosophical, and her affections of the warmest sublimisation, she finds herself in the dilemma of loving two gentlemen with the same uncontrollable ardour; and the beam is kicked solely by the presence of the one and the absence of the other. So she throws herself into the arms of the nearest lover, though she feels it will be the death of her first but now distant adorer and adored. Of course he dies broken-hearted; she, by a trick of the scene, witnesses this; and wretched as she was before,—that is to say, ever since she made the other man happy,—the fatal event consummates her misery, and she takes the veil, and dies in a few months. It is quite agreeable to the chorus of the comic song, "Let us all be unhappy together;" and we shall only give a few traits of the German school to illustrate the metaphysical-mystico-sentimental style in which the story is conducted.

With lover No. 1:—"It is because I have already had experience of separation," said Faustina, weeping, "that I am quite satisfied with that experience; I desire no more of it. And how do you know that all will be completed in a few weeks? At least take me with you, if it were only as a page!" "I will first accompany you to Dresden," said Andlau, without paying any particular attention to this last proposal, "and then travel back." "You are an unfeeling man!" exclaimed she, throwing his hand from her indignantly. "That may be," said he, gently. "And I cannot conceive why I love you!" "I never have been able to understand it, and have often told you so." "But since I do love you," exclaimed she, with a return of her sweet thrilling tones, "the thought of a long gloomy separation grieves me almost to death. Does it not grieve you?" "Faustina, you know me; you know that my life is one with yours; that you are not only my happiness, not only my love,—no, you are my faith and my hope; that the crystalline purity of your soul has made me indifferent to all world-attained, particoloured, tinselled semblances—that nothing is on a level with you; a whole world lies beneath you!—that in all eternity I ask nothing but you; for all I can conceive of eternity I find in you, the most beautiful of God's thoughts! [What a strange woman to be so described!] You know this, and you speak as if you knew it not. Do not wring my heart; only believe I shall pine for you in separation, much more than you for me."

After a little piquing: "'Never,' said she quietly. Such a 'never' is the highest compliment a man can receive from a woman. Andlau had so often seen and heard the same sort of thing from her, that it could never be a

surprise to him; but he was for ever more and more fascinated and bewitched anew by the sweet negligence, the unconscious grace, with which she always expressed that which she instinctively felt to be the most beautiful. 'As long as I am still with you I shall not be content to use my delightful privilege figuratively only,' said he, raising Faustina in both his arms, and pressing her to his bosom. 'My sun-beam, my fragrance of the rose, my lute! you who have become woman for me, will you not some day vanish from me into the varying and intangible elements from which you are miraculously created, as Venus from the foam of the ocean? or did yourself perform the miracle, and fairy-like make yourself visible in this world?' Faustina hung gracefully in his arms, her hair fell loosely back, her eyes were half closed. If there was nothing to see she gladly spared herself the trouble of opening them, her gaze seemed inward. She said: 'Speak on, it sounds so lovely; how I exult when you sometimes speak with my words, and step out of your own chilling ways!' 'But I unnerve you too much,' said he, as if recollecting himself; and replacing her on the sofa, he kissed her waved hair as though it had been the veil of a saint. It was, indeed, worship that he offered to his lovely idol."

Lover No. 2 soon succeeds in changing all this; and we are thus prepared for it:

"As Faustina entered, a gentleman who had been wholly occupied with a game at chess and his fair antagonist, raised his eyes and recognised her. It was Count Mengen. She still looks like a beautiful statue, thought he, abiding by his first impression. Faustina was again dressed in white, and stood so gracefully! Many women dance well, a few walk well, still fewer stand well. The cause I do not know—whether it arises from want of habit, tight shoes, or deficient self-possession. The greater part are unquiet. To stand still is the chief point in standing; but it must not be done heavily, stiffly, doggedly, as if fixed and riveted. It should seem a pause of rest between the by-gone and the coming movement; it must seem transient, not fast-rooted. A woman who stands well appears a queen, a sun, around whom her handmaidens, the planets, are revolving. Thus stood Faustina. Late and with effort she had forced herself to go; but once in society she was, as was her wont, animated and triumphant. So at least she appeared to the indifferent. If she could not so far command herself, she stayed at home."

After a good deal of such exquisite flirting comes the crowning interview; and the dialogue runs thus:—

"Faustina gazed speechlessly upon him, and then passed her hands over her eyes as if to certify herself that she was awake. 'Nothing! for you love me, and Andlau you love no longer. If you still loved him, your eyes would only have fallen upon me with the same kind but indifferent glance which you bestow on all—' 'Ah! that were indeed impossible!' exclaimed she. 'Now, Faustina, I love you: you know it, I have told you so, and you must be aware of it without words; but having told you so, never will I give you up! for nothing binds you

to another from the moment your heart is unbound from him; and to be untrue to yourself, to retract, to talk of the necessity of self-sacrifice, is the proof of an exhausted love, that no longer feels within itself the energy to heave an old world from its axis, and poise for the beloved one a new world in its stead. He who has said to a woman, 'I love thee!' and is not prepared to follow her in any path, should it seem to lead even to hell,—joyfully prepared; because he feels confident of transforming that hell into a heaven of love,—he is a coward, Faustina; and a coward is not capable of love! I am no coward; I have the courage to reconcile you with every thing, with the past and the future, and with every tie that has hitherto wounded or oppressed you. You are my wife, Faustina.' 'Oh, but I were then so miserably false!' said she, gloomily. 'And what would you be if you remained hesitating between two men, fascinating both, belonging partly to one, wholly to neither? and what would you be if you turned back with a divided heart to him whom you first loved, and said, 'I love another, but I will be true to thee?' You love the beautiful, the good, and the elevated, wherever you find it, Faustina: this makes you so worthy to be loved; and you are too much under the influence of the present to attach yourself permanently to any individuality, unless it have the power to overwhelm you irresistibly: this makes you weak. I will not defend this weakness, lest you should accuse me of sophistry, or suspect me of speaking for my own advantage; but believe me, if you were my sister, I should still say what I now reiterate: falseness is a divided, incomplete, vacillating existence; it is a discord in the soul; annihilate it by some sharp decision, some irrevocable step, and you have set yourself free, restored your balance, dismissed the disturbing element, and grasped that which is essential. Decide! decide, Faustina!' exclaimed Mario; and the calm equanimity with which he had hitherto spoke was suddenly changed into the most passionate agitation. 'Decide now—instantly—on the spot! in half an hour I must leave this room, and it depends on you whether I ever enter it again or not. For since our confession of love has been uttered, things cannot now go on as they have done.' 'And why not?' interrupted Faustina: 'you are so strong, Mengen, you can be all things.' 'All things human, Faustina; nothing superhuman. I love you, and love thirsts to be one with the beloved object. To be near you, to live under the fascination of your loveliness, and not to feed this wish greedily with every breath as with the air that surrounds me; for this I am not strong enough. But if you have the conviction that your ties to Andlau can still afford to you and to him their former satisfaction, I will now sever myself from you for ever: this, indeed, I can do. But my love for you will not therefore end: so long as my heart beats, it will beat for you; so long as my eyes can open, they will watch over you; so long as a drop of blood flows in my veins, it belongs to you; so long as I continue in the path which I selected in childhood, followed in youth, and with which I am as it were blended in manhood, I must follow you.

On the other hand, if the women express a wish that they were men, in order that they might go to war, the warriors declare for it at once. It is to be feared that there is an innate fierceness even in the gentler sex, which makes them as likely to give their voices for war as for peace. It is a feminine office and privilege on the African coast to torture prisoners taken in war, by sticking thorns in their flesh, and in various other modes, before they are put to death. The unfortunate Captain Farwell underwent three hours of torture at the hands of the women and children. So likewise did the mate of Captain Burke's vessel at Sinoe. The natives are very cruel in their fights, and spare neither age nor sex; they kill the women and female children lest they should be the mothers of future warriors, and the boys lest they should fight hereafter. If they take prisoners, it is either to torture them to death, or to sell them as slaves. The Fishmen have often evinced courage and obstinacy in war, as was the case in their assaults upon the Liberian settlers in the heroic age of the colony, when Ashman and his associates displayed such warlike ability in defeating them. The Bushmen are as cruel as the former, but appear to be more cowardly."

The American force had, it appears, to retaliate, or punish a tribe, for the murder, two years before, of the Captain Farwell above spoken of; so they held a palaver at Little Berebee, which terminated in a horrible slaughter:

"Our force (the author relates), on being disembarked, was stationed in line opposite the town of Little Berebee, and the wood in its immediate vicinity. Many of the officers went up to the palaver house—a temporary shed erected for the occasion, about fifty yards from the town-gate. King Ben Cracko now making his appearance, with five or six head men or kings of the neighbouring tribes, the palaver began. The interpreter, on this occasion, was well known to have been, in his own person, a leading character in the act of piracy and murder which it was the object of the palaver to investigate. He had therefore a difficult part to act; one that required great nerve, and such a talent of throwing a fair semblance over foul facts as few men, civilised or savage, are likely to possess. With the consciousness of guilt upon him, causing him to startle at the first aspect of peril, it is singular that the man should have had the temerity to trust himself in so trying a position. His version of the Mary Carver affair was a very wretched piece of fiction: He declared that Captain Farwell had killed two natives; and that old King Cracko, since deceased, had punished the captain by death, in the exercise of his legitimate authority. He denied that the tribe had participated in Captain Farwell's murder, or in those of the mate and crew, or in the robbery of the vessel; affirming that the schooner had gone ashore, and that every thing was lost. All this was a tissue of falsehood; it being notorious that a large quantity of goods from the wreck, and portions of the vessel itself, were distributed among the towns along the coast. It was well known, moreover, that these people had boasted of having 'caught' (to use their own phrase) an American vessel, and that the neighbouring tribes had threatened to follow Ben Cracko's example. Governor Roberts, who conducted the examination on our part, expressed to the man his utter disbelief of the above statements. The commodore likewise stepped hastily towards him, sternly warning him to utter no more falsehoods. The interpreter, perceiving that the

impression was against him, and probably expecting to be instantly made prisoner or put to death, now lost the audacity that had hitherto sustained him. At this moment, it is said, a gun was fired at our party from the town; and, simultaneously with the report, the interpreter sprang away like a deer. There was a cry to stop him; two or three musket-bullets whistled after the fugitive as he ran; but he had nearly reached the town-gate, when his limbs, while strained to their utmost energy, suddenly failed beneath him. A rifle-shot had struck him in the vertebra of the neck, causing instantaneous death. Meanwhile, King Ben Cracko had made a bolt to escape, but was seized by his long calico robe; which, however, gave way, leaving him literally naked in the midst of his enemies. A shot brought him to the ground; but he sprang to his feet, still struggling to escape. He next received two bayonet-wounds, but fought like a wild beast, until two or three men flung themselves upon him, and held him down by main force. Finding himself overpowered, he pretended to be dead, but was securely bound and taken to the beach. A lion of the African deserts could not have shewn a fiercer energy than this savage king; and those who gazed at him as he lay motionless on the sand confessed that they had never seen a frame of such masculine vigour as was here displayed. His wounds proved mortal. The *mélée* had been as sudden as the explosion of gunpowder; it was wholly unexpected, but perhaps not to be wondered at, where two parties, with weapons in their hands, had met to discuss a question of robbery and murder. When the firing commenced, about two hundred natives were on the spot or in the vicinity; they were now flying in all directions—some along the beach, a few into the sea itself, but by far the greatest number to the woods. Many shots were fired, notwithstanding the commodore's orders to refrain. We were now directed to break down the palisades and set fire to the town. A breach of twenty or thirty feet was soon made in the wall by severing the withes that bound together the upright planks. Before this could be effected, another party crept through the small holes serving the purpose of gates, and penetrated to the centre of the town, where, assembling around the great council-tree, they gave three cheers. The houses were then set on fire, and within fifteen minutes presented one mass of conflagration. The palisades likewise caught the flames, and were consumed, leaving an open space of blackened and smoking ruins, where, half an hour before, the sun had shone upon a town. The natives did not remain idle spectators of the destruction of their houses. Advancing to the edge of the woods, they discharged their muskets at us, loaded not with Christian bullets, but with copper slugs, probably manufactured out of the spikes of the Mary Carver. A marine was struck in the side by one of these missiles, which tumbled him over, but without inflicting a serious wound. A party from our ship penetrated the woods behind the town, where one of them fired at an object which he perceived moving in the underbrush. Going up to the spot, it proved to be a very aged man, apparently on the verge of a century, much emaciated, and too feeble to crawl further in company with his flying townspeople. He was unharmed by the shot, but evidently expected instant death, and held up his hand in supplication. Our party placed the poor old patriarch in a more sheltered spot, and left him there, after supplying him with food; an act of humanity which must

have seemed to him very singular, if not absurd, in contrast with the mischief which we had wrought upon his home and people. Meantime the ships were disposed to have a share in the fight, and opened a cannonade upon the woods, shattering the great branches of the trees, and adding to the terror, if not to the loss, of the enemy. Little Berebee being now a heap of ashes, we re-embarked, taking with us an American flag, probably that of the Mary Carver, which had been found in the town. We also made prizes of several canoes, one of which was built for war, and capable of carrying forty men. The wounded King Cracko likewise was taken on board the frigate, where, next morning, he breathed his last; thus expiating the outrage in which, two years before, he had been a principal actor. We afterwards understood that the natives suffered a loss of eight killed and two wounded.

"The season for palavers and diplomacy being now over, we landed at seven o'clock this morning, ten or twelve miles below Berebee, in order to measure out a further retribution to the natives. On approaching the beach, we were fired upon from the bushes, but without damage, although the enemy were sheltered within twenty yards of the water's edge. The boat's crew first ashore, together with two or three marines, charged into the shrubbery and drove off the assailants. All being disembarked, the detachment was formed in line, and marched to the nearest town, which was immediately attacked. Like the other native towns, it was protected by a wall of high palisades, planted firmly in the soil, and bound together by thongs of bamboo. Cutting a passage through these, we entered the place, which contained perhaps a hundred houses, neatly built of wicker-work, and having their high conical roofs thatched with palmetto-leaves. Such edifices were in the highest degree combustible, and being set on fire, it was worth while for a lover of the picturesque to watch the flames, as they ran up the conical roofs, and meeting at the apex, whirled themselves fiercely into the darkened air. While this was going on, the war-bells, drums, and war-horns of the natives were continually sounding; and flocks of vultures (perhaps a more accurate ornithologist might call them turkey-buzzards) appeared in the sky, wheeling slowly and heavily over our heads. These ravenous birds seemed to have a presentiment that there were deeds of valour to be done; nor was it quite a comfortable idea, that some of them, ere nightfall, might gratify their appetite at one's own personal expense. To confess the truth, however, they were probably attracted by the scent of some slaughtered bullocks; it being indifferent to a turkey-buzzard whether he prey on a cow or a Christian. After destroying the first town, we marched about a mile and a half up the beach, to attack a second. On our advance, the marine drummer and fifer were ordered from the front of the column to the rear, as being in a position of less danger. They of course obeyed; but the little drummer, deeming it a reflection upon his courage, burst into tears, and actually blubbered aloud as he beat the *pas de charge*. It was a strange operation of manly spirit in a boyish stage of development. As we approached the second town, our boat-keepers, who watched the scene, distinctly saw a party of thirty or forty natives lying behind a palisade, with their guns pointed at our advanced guard. Unconscious that the enemy were so near, we halted for an instant, about forty yards from the town, and then advanced at a run. This so disconcerted the defenders that they fled,

after firing only a few shots, none of which took effect. In fact, the natives proved themselves but miserable marksmen. They can seldom hit an object in motion, although, if a man stand still, they sometimes manage to put a copper-slug into his body, by taking aim a long time. After firing, the savage runs a long distance before he ventures to load. Had their skill or their hardihood been greater, we must have suffered severely; for the woods extended nearly to the water's edge, and exposed us, during the whole day, to the fire of a sheltered and invisible enemy. After the storm and conflagration of the second town, we took a brief rest, and then proceeded to capture and burn another, situated about a mile to the northward. This accomplished, we judged it to be dinner-time. Indeed, we had done work enough to ensure an appetite; and history does not make mention, so far as I am aware, of such destruction of cities so expeditiously effected. Having emptied our baskets, we advanced about three miles along the beach—still with the slugs of the enemy whistling in our ears—and gave to the devouring element another town. Man is perhaps never happier than when his native destructiveness can be freely exercised, and with the benevolent complacency of performing a good action; instead of the remorse of perpetrating a bad one. It unites the charms of sin and virtue. Thus, in all probability, few of us had ever spent a day of higher enjoyment than this, when we roamed about, with a musket in one hand and a torch in the other, devastating what had hitherto been the homes of a people. One of the sweetest spots that I have seen in Africa was a little hamlet of three houses, standing apart from the four large towns above-mentioned, and surrounded by an impervious hedge of thorn-bushes, with two palisaded entrances. Forcing our way through one of these narrow portals, we beheld a grassy area of about fifty yards across, overshadowed by a tree of very dense foliage, which had its massive roots in the centre, and spread its great protecting branches over the whole enclosure. The three dwellings were of the same sort of basket-work as those already described, but particularly neat, and giving a pleasant impression of the domestic life of their inhabitants. This small, secluded hamlet had probably been the residence of one family, a patriarch, perhaps, with his descendants to the third or fourth generation—who, beneath that shadowy tree, must have enjoyed all the happiness of which uncultivated man is susceptible. Nor would it be too great a stretch of liberality to suppose that the green hedge of impervious thorns had kept out the vices of their race, and that the little area within was a sphere where all the virtues of the native African had been put in daily practice. These three dwellings, and the verdant wall around them, and the great tree that brooded over the whole, might unquestionably have been spared, with safety to our consciences. But when man takes upon himself the office of an avenger by the sword, he is not to be perplexed with such little scrupulosities, as whether one individual or family be less guilty than the rest. Providence, it is to be presumed, will find some method of setting such matters right. In fine, when the negro patriarch's strong sable sons supported their decrepit sire homeward, with their wives, 'black, but comely,' bearing the glistening, satin-skinned babies on their backs, and their other little ebony responsibilities trudging in the rear, there must have been a dismal wail; for there was the ancestral tree, its foliage shrivelled with fire, stretching out its desolate

arms over the ashes of the three wicker dwellings. The business of the day was over.

Full-time it were. These horrors of war, however glossed over, are enough to make humanity shudder and sicken. Yet they must be admired by men, since we see such pains taken to adorn their perpetrators with every attractive finery, attended by music and pomp, and, when victorious, rewarded and honoured far above all benefactors of their race—surely wholesale murder must be a universal passion! Peace, and good-will, and Christian charity are neither bedizened nor panegyrised—they walk lowly, humbly, and unnoticed, if not contemned, through the world; but let Africa, and India, and the Pacific Isles, and Algeria, tell of the glorious triumphs of the butchers whose training makes a holiday wherever they are assembled for their marches, reviews, and mock-fights. A case of singular and fatal disease may help us to step down from this sanguinary elevation, but our limits for the present are overstepped.

Dashes at Life with a free Pencil. By N. P. Willis. 3 vols. London, Longman and Co. THE injurious effect upon the literature of America by the unsatisfactory state of international copyright, is demonstrated in Mr. Willis's preface. Were it proposed to constitute, continue, and cherish a condition of things which should encourage pilfering and piracy, no better system could be devised than that which now exists in regard to intellectual production and literary property. But who are, in the first instance, affected by it? Only authors; and what government or people care for their interests! Were bales of cotton or casks of molasses liable to such swindling inroads, protection would soon be found for them, and we should hear enough of the violated laws of nations, and of squadrons sent out to burn, slay, and destroy the wrong-doers, and of courts presided over by the most learned judges to condemn those who were captured *flagrante delicto*, and of the public voice shouting in triumph over the deserving saved and the plunderers punished. But books are neither cotton nor molasses; and so they may take their chance; and a bad chance it is for the writers, besides hurting a harvest in which the world might rejoice for centuries to come. With at least a due share of confidence involved in the wording of the comparison, Mr. W. says:

"Like the sculptor who made toys of the fragments of his unsaleable Jupiter, the author, in the following collection of brief tales, gives material, that, but for a single objection, would have been moulded into works of larger design. That objection is the unmarketableness of American books in America, owing to our defective law of copyright. The foreign author being allowed no property in his books, the American publisher gets for nothing every new novel brought out in England. Of course, while he can have for publication, gratis, the new novels of Bulwer, Disraeli, James, and others, he will not pay an American author for a new book, even if it were equally good. The consequence is, that we must either write works to give away, or take some vein of literature where the competition is more equal—an alternative which makes almost all American authors mere contributors of short papers to periodicals. The portion of these volumes which has not before appeared in print is, naturally of the same fragmentary character,—the length of literary efforts becoming, at last, a habit of mind difficult to alter. The author presents all

the tales which follow as a parcel of fragments—chance views of life which have crossed his observation; each one, though a true copy of a part, conveying, of course, no portion of the meaning and moral of a whole."

Thus introduced, we have some twenty stories of European life, and an equal number of American and other sketches. As the author, though an acute observer, has not enjoyed so much opportunity of studying English character and manners as he has those of his native soil; and as the latter, if only equal, would possess greater novelty for this side of the globe, we leave the former, with all their cleverness, to be read in his volumes, and pass on to offer a brief notice of the transatlantic part. It begins at page 193, vol. ii., with "Meena Dimity, or why Mr. Brown Crash took the Tour," and the opening description is thoroughly local.

"Fashion is arbitrary, we all know. What it was that originally gave Sassafraz Street the right to despise Pepperidge Street, the oldest inhabitant of the village of Slimford could not positively say. The court-house and gaol were in Sassafraz Street; but the orthodox church and female seminary were in Pepperidge Street. Two directors of the Slimford bank lived in Sassafraz Street—two in Pepperidge Street. The Dyaper family lived in Sassafraz Street; the Dimity family in Pepperidge Street; and the fathers of the Dyaper girls and the Dimity girls were worth about the same money, and had both made it in the lumber line. There was no difference to speak of in their respective mode of living—none in the education of the girls—none in the family grave-stones or church-pews. Yet, deny it who liked, the Dyapers were the aristocracy of Slimford. It may be a prejudice, but I am inclined to think there is always something in a nose. (I am about to mention a trifle, but trifles are the beginning of most things, and I would account for the pride paramount of the Dyapers, if it is any way possible.) The most stylish of the Miss Dyapers—Harriet Dyaper—had a nose like his Grace the Duke of Wellington. Neither her father nor her mother had such a feature; but there was a foreign umbrella in the family with exactly the same shaped nose on the ivory handle. Old Dyaper had once kept a tavern, and he had taken this umbrella from a stranger for a night's lodging; but that is neither here nor there. To the nose of Harriet Dyaper, resistlessly and instinctively, the Dimity girls had knocked under at school. There was authority in it; for the American eagle had such a nose, and the Duke of Wellington had such a nose; and when to these two warlike instances was added the nose of Harriet Dyaper, the tripod stood firm. And visionary in believing that the authority introduced into that village by a foreigner's umbrella (so unaccountable is fate) gave the Dyapers the Dyapers? I have mentioned but two families—one in each of the two principal streets of Slimford. Having a little story to tell, I cannot afford to distract my narrative with unnecessary 'asides,' and I must only omit all description of the other Sassafrazes and Pepperidges, but I must leave to your imagination several Miss Dyapers and several Miss Dimities—Harriet Dyaper and Meena Dimity being the two exclusive objects of my hero's Sunday and evening attentions. For eleven months in the year the loves of the ladies of Slimford were presided over by indigenous Cupids. Brown Crash and the other boys of the village had the Dyapers and the Dimities for that respective period to themselves. The remaining month, when their sun

of favour was eclipsed, was during the falling of the leaf, when the 'drummers' came up to dun. The townish clerks of the dry-goods merchants were too much for the provincials. Brown Crash knocked under and sulked, owing, as he said, to the melancholy depression accompanying the fall of the deciduous vegetation. But I have not yet introduced you to my hero. Brown Crash was the Slimford stage-agent. He was the son of a retired watchmaker, and had been laughed at in his boyhood for what they called his 'airs.' He loved, even as a lad, to be at the tavern when the stage came in, and help out the ladies. With instinctive leisureliness he pulled off his cap as soon after the 'whoa-hup' as was necessary (and no sooner), and asked the ladies if they would 'alight and take dinner,' with a seductive smile which began, as the landlord said, 'to pay.' Hence his promotion. At sixteen he was nominated stage-agent, and thenceforward was the most conspicuous man in the village; for 'man' he was, if speech and gait go for anything. But we must minister a moment to the reader's inner sense; for we do not write altogether for Slimford comprehension. Brown Crash had something in his composition 'above the vulgar.' If men's qualities were mixed like salads, and I were giving a 'recipe for Brown Crashes,' in Mrs. Glass's style, I should say his two principal ingredients were a dictionary and a dughill cock—for his language was as ornate as his style of ambulation was deliberate and imposing. What Brown Crash would have been, born right honourable, I leave (with the smaller Dyapers and Dinities) to the reader's fancy. My object is to shew what he was, minus patrician nurture and valuation. Words, with Brown Crash, were susceptible of being dirtied by use. He liked a clean towel—he preferred an unused phrase. But here stopped his peculiarities. Below the epidermis he was, like other men, subject to like tastes and passions. And if he expressed his loves and hates with grandiloquent imagery, they were the honest loves and hates of a week-day world—no finer nor flimsier for their bedecked plumage. To use his own phrase, Brown frequented but two ladies in Slimford—Miss Harriet Dyaper, and Miss Meena Dinitie. The first we have described in describing her nose, for her remainder was comparatively inconsiderable. The latter was 'a love,' and of course had nothing peculiar about her. She was a lamp—nothing till lighted. She was a mantle—nothing, except as worn by the owner. She was a mirror—blank and unconscious till something came to be reflected. She was anything, loved—unloved, nothing! And this (it is our opinion after half a life) is the most delicious and adorable variety of woman that has been spared to us from the museum of specimen angels. (A remark of Brown Crash's, by the way, of which he may as well have the credit.)

We leave the rest of the tale, Mr. Crash's rise and speech, and the dénouement, to the inquisitive.

It is out of our power to give extracts which would convey a "notion" of the variety of these compositions; we must therefore rest satisfied with saying, that they are generally light and amusing,—the sort of matter for autumnal reading,—and conclude with two unconnected Yankee traits from "The Pharisee and the Barber."

"Sheafe Lane, in Boston, is an almost unmentionable and plebeian thoroughfare, between two very mentionable and patrician streets. It is mainly used by bakers, butchers, urchins going to school, and clerks carrying home

parcels—in short, by those who care less for the beauty of the road than for economy of time and shoe-leather. If you please, it is a shabby hole. Children are born there, however, and people die and marry there; and are happy and sad there, and the great events of life, more important than our liking or disliking of Sheafe Lane, take place in it continually. It used not to be a very savoury place. Yet it has an indirect share of such glory as attaches to the birthplaces of men above the common. The (present) great light of the Unitarian church was born at one end of Sheafe Lane, and one of the most accomplished merchant-gentlemen in the gay world of New York was born at the other. And in the old Hay-market (a kind of *cul de sac*, buried in the side of Sheafe Lane) stood the dusty lists of chivalric old Roulstone, a gallant horseman, who in other days would have been a knight of noble devoir, though in the degeneracy of a Yankee lustrum, he devoted his soldierly abilities to the teaching of young ladies how to ride. Are you in Sheafe Lane? (as the magnetisers inquire.) Please to step back twenty-odd years, and take the hand of a lad with a rosy face (ourselves—for we lived in Sheafe Lane twenty-odd years ago), and come to a small house, dingy yellow, with a white gate. The yard is below the level of the street. Mind the step. The family are at breakfast in the small parlour fronting on the street. But come up this dark staircase, to the bedroom over the parlour—a very neat room, plainly furnished; and the windows are curtained, and there is one large easy chair, and a stand with a Bible open upon it. In the bed lies an old man of seventy, deaf, nearly blind, and bed-ridden. * * * At four o'clock on the afternoon of the day before mentioned, Mr. Flint was to make a spiritual visit to the old man. Let us first introduce him to the reader. Mr. Asa Flint was a bachelor of about forty-five, and an 'active member' of a church famed for its zeal. He was a tall man, with a little bend in his back, and commonly walked with his eyes upon the ground, like one intent on meditation. His complexion was sallow, and his eyes dark and deeply set; but by dint of good teeth, and a little wintry redness in his cheek, he was good-looking enough for all his ends. He dressed in black as all religious men must (in Boston), and wore shoes with black stockings the year round. In his worldly condition, Mr. Flint had always been prosperous. He spent five hundred dollars a year in his personal expenses, and made five thousand in his business, and subscribed, say two hundred dollars a year; to such societies as printed the name of the donors. Mr. Flint had no worldly acquaintances. He lived in a pious boarding-house, and sold all his goods to the members of the country churches in communion with his own. He loved the brethren, for he wished to converse with no one who did not see heaven and the church at his back—himself in the foreground, and the other two accessories in the perspective. Piety apart, he had found out at twenty-five, that, as a singer, he would pass through the world simply Asa Flint—as a saint, he would be Asa Flint plus eternity and the respect of a large congregation. He was a shrewd man, and chose the better part. Also, he remembered, sin is more expensive than sanctity.

Some poetry on scriptural subjects closes the work; from which, however, we can extract no more than these very loose and imperfect specimens: a real is a glorified arrow yestail the success of the road of T. rails on the flight of the

On the Remedial Influence of Oxygen or Vital Air, Nitrous Oxide, and other Gases, Electricity, and Galvanism, in restoring the Healthy Functions, &c. &c. By J. Evans Riadore, M.D., &c. 8vo, pp. 177. J. Churchill.

DR. RIADORE has entered here into a lengthened discussion concerning the remedial influence of the most subtle agents which exist in the whole range of therapeutics, and the general adoption of which has been long retarded by the difficulties and inconveniences attending their administration. Under such circumstances it is probable that the best thing the practitioner could do would be, to select from the vast multitude of disorders, in which a somewhat enthusiastic view of their beneficial powers would advocate their use, those forms of disease in the treatment of which they are to be considered most indispensable.

It is certain that the progress of animal chemistry and the application of chemical theories in producing a healthy change in diseases of the principal organs of the body, as more particularly expounded by Liebig, will gradually lead to much simplification in the treatment of disease, and, at the same time, to the use of more refined and more philosophical remedies than what are now commonly adopted. Dr. Riadore's attempt, therefore, to bring this as a separate and distinct subject before the profession, is highly deserving of commendation, and indicates a mind anxious to think and to act in consonance with the progress of knowledge.

In such investigations the starting-point must always be the chemical phenomena of respiration, the interruption of which necessarily produces disease and disorganisation. In such cases the direct local application of remedies to the blood, by the inhalation of gases, or of facitious vital air, appears by no means to have attracted that attention which Liebig's researches and theories fully entitle it to. Whether or not the normal action of all organs, and of the nervous system in particular, depends upon the healthy state of the blood, as advocated by Dr. Riadore, is a question which we are not prepared to admit in all its generality. It involves a variety of considerations concerning the vitality of the blood and the chemical phenomena of physiological actions, which have often been discussed in these pages, but which, in this case, are at the best of a secondary character, and therefore, in their multiplied ramifications, rather indirect than direct results either of disordered respiration or of diseased blood.

There is much in the application of chemical agents and chemical theories to the treatment of disease that would necessitate a new arrangement, if not a new classification, of the basis of which, instead of being, as in old times, the forms of disease; or, as at present, a mere structural pathology, would be essentially chemical, and would have reference mainly to the changes in composition and decomposition which are going on in the human frame.

The question of food, as contributing, according to the Liebig theory, to nutrition or respiration, is next in importance in such an order of considerations, and upon it would rest the whole groundwork of a rational hygienic and medico-chemical treatment of disease. The extreme popularity of Liebig's works has, no doubt, caused this to pass through the minds of many persons; but as yet it cannot be said to have received any scientific or positive development in this or other countries. It is only a person who is in the habit of watching day by day, and year by year, the progress of

discovery in all branches of knowledge, that can tell how long the simplest truths are in being generally received in this so-called literary and intellectual country. While a great many are always ready to rush at a novelty, especially if recommended by a mysterious or empirical dogma, as in the case of homœopathy, the greater part, from a kind of mental indolence, reject a thing merely because it is new, or complacently wait till time and experience (that is, the industry of others) shall have established its efficacy, or the reverse. As it is in medical science, so it is in all other branches of knowledge, in none more so than in geography, in which an astonishing progress is making every year, and yet the ensuing year, and the year after that, witnesses the publication of hundreds of compiled works in which materials obtained even years back find no place. A compendium of the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London would be as different a thing from the systematic works of Murray, Bell, or Macculloch, as a compendium of the transactions of the British Association would be from the treatises of Ferguson, Young, Arnott, or Carpenter.

These reflections are forced upon us by contemplating the slow progress which chemical medicine is making. It involves considerations of far more importance than the host of ordinary hygienic works which pass before us for notice. The air we breathe, the food we eat, the temperature we live in, the exercise we give to mind or body, are all brought by its means into a rational and philosophical co-ordination; and nevertheless we have as yet no simple or practical treatise upon the subject. Dr. Riadore's, so far as it goes, is a very good beginning. It cannot be said to be deficient in philosophical inquiry, while it is rather in excess in its medical advocacy; but it is a very suggestive work, one which no educated person can read without feeling that he stands on a commanding and advantageous ground, from whence to view and understand the theory of the healthy functions and disorders of the human frame.

The Bosom Friend: a Novel. By the Author of "The Gambler's Wife," &c. The Young Prima Donna, &c. 3 vols. Newby. The author possesses a certain knowledge (as it is called) of the world—that is to say, a pretty distinct perception of some of the scenes which are acted around "life in London," and describes what he observes with considerable talent. If we look for the philosophy of human nature, or, generally speaking, the fine unwindings of the labyrinth-thread of human action, we have them not; but we have sufficient cause for the sufficient effect, which is sufficient for the readers of novels. There is an involution of circumstances, if not a plot; and there are situations of dramatic construction, if not exactly what are likely to happen in simple reality, which serve to entertain the inquisitiveness of readers, and in the end, neither to disappoint nor astonish them.

The staple of this story is a Romish intrigue upon a young English peeress (in her own right), carried on by an accomplished Jesuit, and a sister (we do not like to call females by the ugly names of fiends, demons, or worse) niece. The style has too much of the commonplace to merit our praise. In the first pages we find "boulevèment of ideas;" one "who once she had dearly loved;" looks cawing vociferously in October (p. 6); "exigant little sister;" "Francesca's own maid;" in a situation of wrought-up distress, and other indications of this class of literature, which would alone re-

move it from critical dissection. For what it is, the *Bosom Friend*, or it happens here, dropping a letter, the *Bosom Friend*, is as well told a tale, or rather a better, than most of its competitors; and we doubt not that many a sympathetic soul will (for the remains of the present, and part of the ensuing reading season) peruse it with all the interest it deserves.

A sororal jealousy of a girl of fifteen of a sister of nine years of age, seems to be an exaggerated idea, painted merely for the future development of the author's purpose; but the (equally exaggerated) picture of the wounded feelings of a neglected elder child (Giulia) embodies a great moral in domestic life, far beyond the efforts of our author to display in all its native force and truth. Some inconsistencies of character ought to be permitted to the writer of fiction; and therefore we cannot complain (as if in a solemn lecture) of the folly of the all-accomplished aunt-governess permitting the discussion between Romanism and Protestantism (p. 164, vol. i. *et seq.*) before the children over whom she was so judiciously and anxiously discriminating;—but are we to be induced to become critical on propositions like these, in a performance like this? Avault! If novelists were obliged to make the most perfect of their characters to be guided by common sense, we should like to see the first publication of that *genus*.

But this is really a clever production, and may be read with interest. We offer it the Literary rites of hospitality; not the "rights," as the writer calls them, by a vulgar error (p. 173, vol. i.).

The Astrologer's Daughter. An Historical Novel. By Rose Ellen Hendriks. 3 vols. Newby.

This is an Historical Novel indeed, and is dedicated to the Duchess of Cambridge as followeth:—

"Duchess, whose name brings peace and joy,
Whose smiles are genius' store;
How sweet seclusion's hours t' employ
In study, books, and lore,
Perchance 'tis small—the gift I keep—
'Tis here, but not the whole;
Mine is the heart to never sleep,
And mine the burning soul. [Poor soul!]
Oh! think upon the hours of youth;
Start not, if I should fail
Portraying scenes too sad in truth,
Whilst youthful joys I hail,
Forgive all faults—kind Duchess, look
And read, but not to blame;
Happy indeed should this, my book,
With thy wish, bring me Fame!"

Fame! who can doubt who reads an history beginning with Catherine de Medici and the Cardinal de Lorraine, and ending with Philip and Mary and Bishop Bonner; and the poisoning of a truly romantic pair of youths, the fair heroine being a daughter of Cranmer; and her brave hero-lover a son of King Philip by one Mrs. Agnes Stracey? One very dark and stormy night Catherine de Medici, with her pretty attendant Loretta, took a walk through the almost deserted streets of Paris to consult a conjuror; during which the waiting damsel makes a confidant of her royal mistress, and says *inter alia*:

"Ah, queen, it were better had I not been so well educated; but my early life was prosperous and gay. I lived with a lady who was related to the pope; I performed no menial service, but lulled her to repose by singing to my little guitar, or reading in my infantine voice. Thus fleeted by the hours of my childhood; those sunny hours no more return. My girlhood's first dawn was as happily passed. Methinks the air of Italia is fecund with treasured lore; I grasped learning, and filled my

mind until it was compelled to disburden itself by loving! loving a bright and intellectual being, whose very thoughts were twined round mine; whose dark orbs rested on my face, not in an amorous, but all-appreciating gaze." He loved not with that passionate, momentary fire, which hopes, and dares, and then forgets; but he loved me with that subdued and hallowed love which is all mental: and now—now. But, lady, I shall weep—what more? You know the rest." • • • Our pedestrians were now at their journey's end; they had left the town, and were in the suburbs of Paris. Several watchmen had cast keen glances on them; but even surrounded by a large and rather coarse cloak, Catherine's commanding figure was conspicuous through her disguise; and those who observed her once with suspicion, looked not again.

This is a fair specimen of every page of this remorseless nonsense. Ah, Rose Ellen of the never-sleeping heart and burning soul, prithee never again print or publish your sleepless confusions and fit-for-burning balderdash!

LORD LYTTLETON'S MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE. (Second notice.)

We broke off in our last No. with reference to Lord Lyttelton's patronage of Thomson, and his design for a posthumous improvement of the *Seasons*. After mentioning the song to Amanda, given by the late Lord Lyttelton to Sir H. Nicolas for his edition of the poet, Mr. Phillimore goes on to state:

"It was doubtless Amanda also who inspired the following translation, which has never been printed, of Tibullus. The MS. is as follows:—

"IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.
"Huc ades, et tener morbos expelle puella, &c.
"Come, healing god, Apollo come and aid,
Moved by the tears of love, my tender maid;
No more let sickness dim those radiant eyes,
Which never know to cheat or to disguise,
If e'er my verse has pleased thy listening ear,
Oh, now be friendly, now propitious hear,
Bring every virtuous herb, each root and flower,
Of cooling juice and salutary power;
Light is the task—to touch a hand so fair,
Divine Physician, will you repay thy care.
My tears are shed; the god my suit approves;
He can't be wretched who sincerely loves;
Protecting Heaven with more than common care,
Smiles on his hopes, and guards him from despair.
Raise from the pillow, raise thy languid head,
Come forth, my love, and quit thy sickly bed.
Come forth, my love; for thee the balmy spring
Breathes every sweet, for thee the zephyrs bring
Their healing gales, for thee the Graces lead
The smiling hours, and paint the flowery mead.
As Nature, drooping long beneath the reign
Of dreary winter, now revives again,
Calls all her beauties out, and charms us more
From what we suffered in their loss before;
So from thy tedious illness shalt thou rise
More sweetly fair, and in those languid eyes
And faded cheeks returning health shall pierce
A fresher bloom and more attractive grace;
Then shall my bounding heart forget its woes,
And think it never more a pain can know;
Then shall my muse thy charms more raptly sing,
And hail thee as the nightingale the spring."

It appears from the following letter that Lyttelton had urged his friend to marry. Thomson's recollection of 'Amanda' was probably the real, though not the assigned, cause why 'the result of his consideration' was unfavourable to the scheme.

"Kew Lane, Dec. 14, 1747.
"Dear sir,—I should have answered your kind and truly friendly letter some time ago. My not having answered it hitherto proceeded from my giving it mature and deep consideration. I have considered it in all lights and in all humours, by night and by day, even during these long evenings—that the result of my consideration is not such as you would wish. My

judgment agrees with you, and you know I first impressed yours in her favour. She deserves a better than me, and has as many good and worthy qualities as any woman; nay, to others, and I hope too men of taste, she had charming and piquant ones. But every man has a singular and uncontrollable imagination of his own. Now, as I told you before, she does not pique mine. I wonder you should treat that objection so lightly as you seem to do in your last. To strike one's fancy is the same in love that charity is in religion. Though a woman has the form, and spoke like the angels, though all divine gifts and graces were hers, yet without striking the fancy, she does nothing. I am too much advanced in life to venture to marry, without feeling myself invigorated and made as it were young again with a great flame of imagination. But we shall discuss this matter more fully when I have the happiness of seeing you at full leisure. What betwixt judgment and fancy, I shall run equal risk of never entering into the holy state. In the mean time, I wish to see you once more happy in it. Forgive me if I say, it would be an ungrateful forwardness to refuse the bounty of Providence because you have been deprived of former enjoyments. If you cannot again love so exquisitely as you have done, so much the better—you do not then risk being so miserable. To say that our cannot love twice is utterly unphilosophical, and give me leave to say, contrary to my own experience. Can there not be more objects than one for the same passion? If so, why cannot the passion be renewed when I find a new object? The flame of any love was never so strong yet as to burn out the heart; so far from that, the powers of the mind rather grow by exercise. The truth is, it is not a former passion that prevents a second. It is only the hardening of the heart from years and harsh untender business. If you could get so much master of your just grief as to think of a second match, I may be tempted also to try to be happy with you. I wish you joy of the sun's now turning his all-enlivening and beautiful face towards us. May the genial spirit of the returning year animate and cheer you, and yet again make you happy! Than which nothing can give greater pleasure to yours,

"J. THOMSON."

The death of Thomson, soon after this date, grievously afflicted Mr. Lyttelton, and was a source of regret to him to the end of his own life. His intermeddling with the posthumous editions of the author of the *Seasons* has been censured as a preposterous and presumptuous manifestation of affection. Of these labours we are now told:

"Some time after his death, Lyttelton prepared for the press a new edition of his *Seasons*, the alterations, additions, and omissions, which this edition would have contained, have never been printed; they are written in Lyttelton's handwriting on the blank leaves of an interleaved copy of the *Seasons*, now in the library at Hagley, to which it was presented by the late Lord Spencer, to whom it was a gift from Mathew Montague, who found it among the books of Mrs. Montague; the date which it originally bears, MDCC.LIII., is altered, by a few strokes, into MDCC.LVIII. I have not been able to find any satisfactory reason why it was never published. In one of the blank sheets before the poem, Lyttelton has written as follows:

"Preface to the *Seasons*.—In this edition, conformably to the intention and will of the author,

"In an evil hour, it will be seen, Lyttelton followed this advice."

which have ^{justly} been thought by some too harsh or obscure, or not strictly grammatical, have been corrected, some lines transposed, and a few others left out. The hymn which was printed at the end of the *Seasons*, in some of the last editions, is likewise omitted, because it appears to good judges that all the matter and thoughts in that hymn are a better express in the *Seasons* themselves.

"The alterations of single words are numerous, and generally are manifest improvements: e.g., lines 621, 2, 3, in 'Winter,' Thomson writes,—

'While well attested and as well believed,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.'

Lyttelton corrects—

'While well attested and as well believed,
The goblin tale goes round: till solemn fear
And superstitious horror, &c. &c.'

SS7, 8, the lines are—

'... with these at eve,
They cheerful loaded to their tents repair.'

'I wish this line altered,' Lyttelton writes; 'cheerful-loaded' is not English:

'They cheerful to their shady tents repair,' would be better.' In a few instances whole passages are altered, as in the following verses. In the printed editions of Thomson's *Spring*, are these lines:—

'Mean time the song went round, and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly tale successive stole
Their hours away: while in the rosy vale
Love breathed his infant sighs from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss, save the sweet pain,
354 That inly thrilling but exalts it more,' &c. &c.

260 The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropped fatness down, as o'er the swelling mead
The herds and flocks containing played secure.
264 This, when emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw: his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he joined his sullen joy,
For music held the whole in perfect peace.
Soft sighed the flute, the tender voice was heard
Warbling the varied heart, the woodlands round
Applied their quire, and winds and waters flowed
271 In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

In the interleaved copy Lyttelton obliterates these lines from 249 to 254, and from 264 to 271, and reads:

'As o'er the verdant mead
The herds and flocks promiscuous played secure
On every hill beneath each spreading shade,
The swains and husbandmen rejoicing hymned
Their bounteous God; then festive dance and sport,
Kind deeds and friendly talk, successive shewed
Their blissful hours: while in the rosy vale
Love breathed his tender sighs, from anguish free,
And free from guilt. Such were these prime of days.'

In 'Summer,' where the worthies of Britain are described, just before the description of Shakspeare I find this intended insertion in Lyttelton's handwriting:

'How sweet the concert of thy various bards,
Poetick island! Hark, they strike the lyre!
Harmonious Dryden, Waller, Denham, Rowe,
Gay, Prior, and judicious Addison;
But see with perfect art the hand of Pope
Now tunes the strings! Onward the Graces dance,
And Wisdom's sober ear approves the song:
Of all thy numerous wits, Britannia, this
The most correct; but nobler fame
To genius more sublime,' &c. &c.

Then follows the description of Shakspeare."

This edition was never completed, or, at any rate, never published; and Thomson has descended to posterity, happily, unamended and unimproved.

Many years after his loss, "Lyttelton received the following letter from Voltaire. It is a very curious document; and regarding the subject rather than the date, I insert it in this place.

"A Paris, 17 May, 1750, n. st.

"You was beneficent to Mr. Thomson when he liv'd, and you is so to me, in favouring me with his works. I was acquainted with the Author when j stayed in England. j discovered in him a great genius and a great simplicity. j lik'd in him the poet and the true philosopher, j mean the lover of mankind. I think that without a good stock of such a philosophy, a poet is just above a fiddler, who amuses our ears and cannot go to our soul. I am not surpriz'd y^r nation has done more justice to Mr. Thomson's *Seasons* than to his dramatic performances, there is one kind of poetry of which the judicious readers and the men of taste are the proper judges, there is an other that depends upon the vulgar; great or small, tragedy and comedy are of these last species, they must be suited to the turn of mind and to the ability of the multitude and proportion'd to their taste, y^r nation two hundred years since is us'd to a wild scene, to a crowd of tumultuous events, to an emphatical poetry mix'd with lose and comical expressions, to murders, to a lively representation of bloody deeds, to a kind of horror which seems often barbarous and childish, all faults which never sulli'd the greek, the roman, or the french Stage; and give me leave to say that the taste of y^r politest countrymen in point of tragedy differs not much in point of tragedy from the taste of a mob at Bear-garden, 'tis true we have too much of words, if you have too much of action, and perhaps the perfection of the Art should consist in a due mixture of the french taste and english energy." Mr. Addison who would have reach'd to that pitch of perfection had he succeeded in the amorous part of his tragedy as well as in the part of cat, warn'd often y^r nation against the corrupted state of the stage—and since he could not reform the genius of the country, j am afraid the contagious distemper is past curing. Mr. Thompson's tragedies seems to me wisely intricated, and elegantly writ, they want perhaps some fire, and it may be that his heroes are neither moving nor busy enough, but taking him all in all, methinks he has the highest claim to the greatest esteem. Y^r friendship, Sir, is a good vouchafer for his merit. I know what reputation you have acquired, if I am not mistaken, you have writ for y^r own sport many a thing that would rouse a great fame to one who had in view that vain reward call'd Glory. I have by me some verses that pass under y^r name, and which you are suppos'd to have writ in a journey to paris, they reflect very justly on our nation, and they run thus—

'a nation here j pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of Glory fire,
Yet taught by custom's force and bigot fear
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they wear;
In courts a mean, in camps a generous band,
From priests and tax-jobbers content receive,
Those laws their dread'd arms to Europe give,
Whose people vain in war, in bondage blaze,
Tho' plunder'd quail, industrious tho' the oppress'd, &c.

These verses deserve a good translator, and they should be learn'd by every frenchman. Give me leave to send you a little performance of mine, 'tis but a pebble I do offer you for y^r precious stones, I am, with the highest respect, Sir, y^r most humble, obed. servant,

VOLTAIRE."

With an extract from a letter by the celebrated Henry Fielding we conclude the first volume. It is dated Bow Street, 20th August, 1749, and congratulates Lyttelton on the felicity of his second (unfortunate!) marriage.

"How admirable (writes the unpropitious magistrate) is y^r fortune in the matrimonial lottery! I will venture to say, there is no man

alive who exults more in this, or in any other happiness that can attend you, than myself; and you ought to believe me from the same reason that fully persuades me of the satisfaction you receive from any happiness of mine; this reason is, that you must be sensible how much of it I owe to your goodness; and there is a great pleasure in gratitude, tho' it is second, I believe, to that of benevolence, for, of all the delights upon earth, none can equal the raptures which a good mind feels in conferring happiness on those whom we think worthy of it. This is the sweetest ingredient in power; and I solemnly protest, I never wished for power more than a few days ago, for the sake of a man whom I love, and that more perhaps from the esteem I know he bears you than from any other reason. This man is in love with a young creature of the most apparent worth, who returns his affections. Nothing is wanting, to make two very miserable people extremely blessed but a moderate portion of the greatest of human evils, so philosophers call it, and so it is called by divines, whose word is the rather to be taken, as they are, many of them, more conversant with this evil than ever the philosophers were. The name of this man is Moore, to whom you kindly destined that laurel, which, though it hath long been withered, may not probably soon drop from the brow of its present possessor; but there is another place of much the same value now vacant; it is that of deputy-licensor to the stage. Be not offended at this hint; for, tho' I will own it impudent enough in one who hath so many obligations of his own to you, to venture to recommend another man to your favour, yet impudence itself may possibly be a virtue when exerted on the behalf of a friend; at least, I am the less ashamed of it, as I have known men remarkable for the opposite modesty, possess it without the mixture of any other good quality. In this fault, then, you must indulge me; for, should I ever see you as high in power as I wish, and as it is perhaps more my interest than your own that you should be, I shall be guilty of the like, as often as I find a man in whom I can, after much intimacy, discover no want but that of the evil above mentioned."

SIR R. ADAIR'S MISSION TO CONSTANTINOPLE.
[Second notice: conclusion.]

HAVING pretty fully introduced this diplomatic expose to our readers in No. 1485, we shall not enter much farther into its disclosures—such as they are, and rather belonging to a state of circumstances which have passed away and are not likely to be revived. Still, though new arrangements of condition have taken place, and must in the course of events give way to other arrangements, it is not a useless thing to have such a peep as is here afforded into the springs, the views, and the modes of proceeding of different nations in the European system. That Mr. Adair's position did not enable him to take very comprehensive views of them will, we think, be evident to all well-informed men who read these volumes; but upon his own sphere, including Turkey and Persia, he does afford us some curious glimpses of the balancing of power. The few additions we shall make to our last week's notice are directed to elucidate such points. On the 24th of April, 1810, the ambassador writes from Pera to Lord Wellesley:

"My lord.—The arrival of a confidential person from Vienna, by whose means I have had access to some papers of extreme importance, enables me to send to your lordship the enclosed account of a circumstance attending

the marriage of Bonaparte with the Archduchess Louisa, which may not be wholly without its use. But what is of chief consequence at the present moment is, the disclosure he has made to me of the object of *****'s journey to Paris. It seems that Bonaparte has now seriously in agitation the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland. With this view he has already proposed to Austria the cession of the two Galicias, and he is about to require from Russia the cession of her share of the second partition. The temptation held out to Austria for her consent was first a distant insinuation that the crown of Poland might be placed at the disposal of the house of Austria. It is now reduced to mere indemnification on the side of Turkey. What indemnification is to be offered to Russia I have not heard; but if she should not consent to the cession proposed, of which there is no probability, the plan is to compel her, and then Austria is to have Walachia and Moldavia, and the Turks are to be offered the Crimea. The task of re-establishing Poland is to be executed by France, and dispositions are making for it. The force already marched into Spain, amounting, since the Austrian peace, to about 60,000 men, is not to be augmented. The French still in Germany, amounting to 80,000, are destined for the duchy of Warsaw. In addition to this force, an army of native Poles is rapidly organising, and will amount to 140,000 men before the spring. To this will be added the Bavarian and Saxon contingents already under orders to march. With so large a regular force, and the expected insurrection of Russian Poland, success is reckoned upon as certain. Murat is to be the new king, and the whole of Italy to be incorporated with France. The task of securing her own indemnification devolves naturally on Austria. * * * The approach of this new and dreadful storm which is gathering around us makes me, I confess, more than commonly anxious that the basis of the negotiation offered by Turkey to Russia, which I had the honour of explaining at large to your lordship in my despatch No. VII., may meet with his majesty's approbation. The state of public opinion in Russia, even among our own friends, is described to me to be such as to place it out of the power of any minister to consent to a peace with Turkey without something to shew for the expenses of the war; and since Russia must, as a military measure, evacuate Moldavia and Walachia whenever Austria comes forward, the contest may prove fatal to her unless Turkey be previously neutralised. On the other hand, the peace once made with Turkey, these provinces become a barrier for Russia towards the south, and will enable her to bring her whole force to act on one line for her defence.—I have the honour to be, &c. * *

"My lord.—When next I shall have the honour of writing to your lordship, it is my intention to submit to the consideration of his majesty's government some ideas respecting the re-establishment of the order of Saint John of Jerusalem. One object of this measure would be the keeping together the remainder of our interest on the continent; but its principal purpose would be that of laying the foundation for a totally new system of maritime warfare for the Mediterranean. The seat of sovereignty for the order might be transferred to Corfu, if ever that island should be rescued from the hands of France, or perhaps with more propriety to Minorca.—I have the honour to be, &c."

Whether Bonaparte was in earnest about Poland or not (as a counterpoise necessary for his interest and ambition at that time) does

not come clearly out from the rest of the correspondence; but the bare rumour provoked the jealousy of Russia, and the marriage with the daughter of the emperor of Austria nearly alienated the new attachment of Tilsit and Erfurt. Strange that what Napoleon imagined would consolidate his gigantic supremacy should lead to his prostration, like that of the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king set up! Mr. Adair in several places speaks of the emperor Alexander as a very weak person;* but the whole fantocini or phantasmagoria is but a rapid illustration of the *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. The strong of one year were the tremblers of the next; the bullies became the bullied; then were hopes and expediency, then *saute qui peut*, and of a bad bargain make the best. When Lucien Bonaparte, in an American vessel (1810), was detained by the Pomone in Cagliari Bay, we have a curious account of the embarrassments to which it gave rise, and the difficulty of disposing of him. Thus Mr. Adair writes:

"Owing to his public character at the court of Cagliari, Mr. Hill had abstained from a personal interview with Lucien; but as the same objection was not applicable to me, I readily undertook to see him, with a view of enabling myself to state to your lordship any circumstances connected with this event which my own observation might help me to verify, and which might appear useful for the public service. In anticipation, indeed, of the possibility of such an interview, I had declined the customary salute from the Salsette on coming ashore. The slightest consideration of Lucien's request for permission to proceed to America was sufficient to convince me of its utter inadmissibility. But I was by no means sure that the very reasons which rendered it so, particularly Bonaparte's declaration concerning the eventual independence of Spanish America, joined with the known republicanism of Lucien and his intimate connexion with General Moreau, might not incline his majesty's government to think that a person of his description, and whom so many circumstances had contributed to render important, would be much more safely disposed of in England than in any other part of the world. His quarrel with his brother might be a mere pretence; at all events there was no reason to suppose it irreconcilable. There was no calculating the mischief, therefore, which such a man, leagued with one of the ablest of the French generals, might not effect in Spanish America, especially if the weakness of Ferdinand the Seventh should ever induce him to ally himself by marriage with the usurper of his European dominions. On the other hand, admitting that this would be the opinion of his majesty's government, it was evident that the residence of Lucien in England, without any tie over him except the Alien Act, would be liable to many serious objections. It was not probable, indeed, that he would be allowed to remain there at all, except as a prisoner of war. If Mr. Hill, therefore, should finally determine on detaining Lucien as a prisoner of war, it seemed but just, in communicating to him this resolution, to afford him at the same time the means of applying to his majesty's government for any alleviation which his circumstances might appear to claim. Under these impressions I went to meet Lucien at the Quarantine Office."

* "Austria is afraid, and very justly, of the engagements still subsisting between the emperor Alexander and Bonaparte, and of the undiminished influence of Bonaparte over his feeble and enervated mind. As long as that influence subsists, she can never be sure that Alexander will not take part with France in the impending war."

He began by explaining to me the necessity he had been under of quitting the French territories, and of coming to Cagliari. He next mentioned his having obtained a passport, in 1808, to go to America; but he assured me that he had never received Mr. Hill's letter of the same year, giving him notice that it had been annulled by order of his majesty's government. This it was that had produced his present embarrassment; for at the time that he first applied to Mr. Hill, he applied also to his brother Napoleon for passports; and when these last were sent him, which was not until this present year 1810, they were sent in the belief of his being already possessed of his English one. On receiving the passports from his brother, therefore, he wrote immediately to Mr. Hill to request a renewal of that which had been sent him in 1808; and it was by Mr. Hill's answer to this letter that he first learned that the grant of it at that period had been disapproved. He then again wrote to Mr. Hill for a passport to Cagliari; but before he could receive an answer, a peremptory order from his brother Napoleon, which he could not disobey without danger to his person, compelled him to embark precipitately, and come to Cagliari at all hazards. He then stated, that the order sent him from Paris was in substance either to divorce himself from his wife and accept the government of Rome, or instantly to quit the French territories. He informed me further, that the hostility of his brother towards him had been greatly aggravated by the refusal of his daughter to marry Ferdinand VII. She had been sent for to Paris (as I understood him) in the spring; and when she was made acquainted with the intention of marrying her to Ferdinand VII. she positively refused to consent, and declared that she would follow her father's fortunes. On this she was sent back to Italy, and was then with him on board the American vessel. He then acknowledged that, after what had been communicated to him as the orders of his majesty's government, he could expect no passport from Mr. Hill for the prosecution of his voyage to Philadelphia. All he now asked, therefore, was a passport for Plymouth. He seemed to think that if he could have an opportunity of explaining the above circumstances to his majesty's government, he should be able to remove the objections to his being suffered to go on to America; or if not, that it might be allowed him to remain in England until the peace. After hearing all he had to say on this point, I answered, that Mr. Hill could grant him no passport for Plymouth nor for any other place; that, as I was then on my way home, Mr. Hill intended to write fully by me to his majesty's government, and to apply for instructions as to his future proceedings in this case. I told him fairly, however, that there was no chance of his being allowed to go on to America; that even if his request to proceed to Plymouth were granted, I could not answer for his being suffered to remain on English ground except as a prisoner of war; and that at all events he must expect to be placed under the superintendence of a severe and vigilant police. I added, however, that I would not refuse to be the bearer of any representation which he might wish to make to his majesty's government respecting his situation. He thanked me for this offer, and said that it would be indifferent to him under what restrictions he were allowed to remain in England, since all he sought was an asylum for himself and his family from the persecution of his brother. He then suggested, that as I was proceeding to England in a ship of war, I might conduct him thither with his

American vessel. But this I could not undertake." On his going, however, he said:

Poor Lucien was like Mahomet's coffin; he could neither get up nor down, but was hung suspended in the dome of ambassadorial doubts, till he fairly lost his philosophic temper, and "remarked with some asperity on the extreme harshness and injustice (as he called it) of not being suffered to land in Sardinia, when it must be evident, from all the circumstances attending his arrival at Cagliari, that he could have no other motive for desiring it than that which he had stated from the first. He remonstrated with equal warmth against the refusal to conduct him to Civita-Vecchia. It was clear, he observed, that if he had been met on his passage to America by an English cruiser, the captain of such cruiser, in obedience to his instructions of 1808, must have reconducted him to the port from whence he had sailed. Why, then, he asked, should his having renounced all intention of going to America without the consent of the British government, and his having trusted himself to its generosity by coming straight to Cagliari, place him in a worse situation than he would have stood in if he had taken his chance of escaping to America in defiance of its orders? He protested against being considered and treated as a prisoner of war at Malta, and implored me once more to speak to Mr. Hill, and endeavour to prevail on him to send him back to Civita-Vecchia, if he could neither send him on to Plymouth, nor obtain leave for him to wait in some part of Sardinia for the answer from his majesty's government respecting his future destination."

That our representatives should be suspicious of French manoeuvres is not surprising, when we read in a letter from our minister:—

"I send you a curious document—no less than the falsification and forgery of the king's speech on closing the session, by the French government. When the Persian ministers read this, they will know what faith to put in the accounts which the French *chargé d'affaires* has just transmitted to the Persian camp."

And with this we conclude, only remarking, that Mr. Adair, like the political party to which he belonged, always undervalued and never was crossed with a thought of the wonderful effect which the war in Spain was destined to produce in the grand conflict of Europe's policies. He was deeply imbued with the importance of Cerigo, whilst Wellington was conquering the conqueror of the world.

The Physiology of the Human Voice; being a Treatise on the Natural Powers of the Vocal Organ, pointing out the difference between the speaking and singing Quality of Tone, and giving Laws for the proper production of the Musical Voice, from its lowest to its highest Pitch. By F. Romer. 8vo, pp. 68. London, Leader and Cook.

We would wish to call the attention of physiologists, as well as of the musical world, to this curious essay, the object of which is fully expressed in the title-page. We do not feel ourselves quite competent to give an opinion upon so abstruse a subject; in which the sciences of anatomy, physiology, acoustics, and music, are all brought to bear upon the points mooted. We are satisfied, however, by a perusal of the work, that the best and latest authorities have been consulted and carefully digested before Mr. Romer has ventured to put forth views which he has long entertained, and which appear to present quite a new field in the art of teaching. Mr. R. argues that the larynx and glottis are not the sole points which produce

the musical tones of the voice; while his explanation of the said musical voice, as distinguished from the speaking voice, being a vibrated column of air, depending upon the openness of the tube, alone indicates what a change such considerations are calculated to induce in the system of vocal tuition.

Some Observations on Organic Alterations of the Heart, and particularly on the beneficial employment of iron in the treatment of such cases. By S. Scott Alison, M.D., &c. Small 8vo, pp. 62. Longmans.

As remedial means can have but little effect where disease has proceeded so far as to produce organic alterations, most medical men will view Dr. Scott Alison's advocacy of the use of the iodide of iron in the treatment of such disorders as either palliative, or as, by increasing the tone generally, enabling the patient better to resist the inconveniences resulting from such affections. We have long entertained a notion that too much attention may be paid to the heart as well as to the stomach; and that as dyspepsia may most undoubtedly be induced by always thinking of the functions of the stomach, so it is highly probable that the functions of the heart may become disordered by too great anxiety upon that subject. We have also known medical men whose minds were too much occupied with the condition of their own hearts to diagnosticate hypertrophy in others even with the stethoscope, where subsequent events have by no means tended to substantiate their painful predictions. This, however, by no means militates against Dr. Scott's perfectly professional and thoroughly humane attempt to prove that positive cases of organic alteration may be more extensively benefited by medical treatment than has been hitherto supposed. The treatment proposed is the reverse of the gloomy one generally pursued, of an exclusive regard to abating inordinate action and nutrition; and, on the contrary, proposes to itself to impart vigour to the heart and system: and we gladly call the attention of professional men to what appears in a variety of cases, such as hypertrophy the sequelæ of disease, and hypertrophy accompanied by debility, to be a decidedly improved practice.

The English Gentlewoman, or, Hints to Young Ladies on their Entrance into Society. Pp. 257. H. Colburn.

WHETHER gentlemanlike or ladylike manners can be taught by books, is an inquiry which we fancy would most likely be answered in the negative, and to the discouragement of printing. Ease and quietude are the essence of good breeding, and the constraint of rules is not well calculated to accord with these qualifications. To these let us add, the right feeling which naturally recoils from hurting the *amour propre* of another in the slightest degree, an absence of or abstinence from selfishness, and the habit of mixing with polite society; and all else that can be hinted at is but leather and prunella. Yet the writer seems to expect so much from this volume, that "the time may not be far distant when we may find that they have not been deemed too rigid; and when the English lady, modest in principle, pure in thought, may again dress as a respectable woman ought ever to do, and dance like a gentleman; when the morning prayers of our own church may not be followed by the nightly waltz, or the indelicacy of the French play—when, in short, our amusements will be brought in unison with the tone of our own minds, and not our minds levelled to the vulgarity of foreign tastes."

Waltzes, polkas, ballets, and French plays, are severely reprehended; and much good advice, not very original, is bestowed on young ladies from the age of sixteen or eighteen to one or two and twenty. In adopting and patronising the former exhibitions and amusements, our author hardly excuses Queen Victoria (see p. 116) on account of her "foreign notions." The opinions offered upon French and English literature display good sense and an ability to judge of the safe and vicious in both; and upon the whole, we may say that this is a useful, correct, and instructive publication.

Les Veillées du Dimanche. Par M. S. Wilberforce, &c. Pp. 174. London, Burns. A good translation into French, and consequently a good lesson-book for that language, of the pious and popular work by the Dean of Westminster.

Photography made Easy: a Practical Manual.

By a Practical Chemist and Photographer. THE date affixed to the introduction to this little work is "July 1845," and the same date is evidenced in the text of the manual by a relation of the most recently suggested improvements in manipulation. In proof of the truth of the date, as to the former, we may refer to the judicious comments of the writer on the "injustice and validity of the patent," especially in reference to the still pending proceedings, "Beard v. Egerton;" and as to the latter, to Sir David Brewster's improved method of taking positive talbotypes. Photography is truly made easy, clearly and comprehensively, and this will bring the manual into general favour.

Evenings in the Pyrenees, comprising the Stories of Wanderers from many Lands. Edited and arranged by Selina Bunbury, author of "Rides in the Pyrenees," &c. Pp. 307. Joseph Masters.

Our gallantry is evoked by the fair authoress of this volume, containing tales of various character and country. They are natural and pleasing, and adorned with glyphotographic engravings by Mr. E. Palmer, after designs by several artists, Spanish, French, German, Irish, &c., all treated with characteristic taste; and readers of the same sex as the writer may pass an agreeable hour over her diversified narratives of war, love, peril, common life, and tragical occurrences.

Stanhope: a Domestic Novel. By Joseph Middleton, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 264. Saunders and Okey.

In Mr. Stanhope we have a man of genius and an author, and consequently not a few troubles and misfortunes. But they bring us into the circle of a number of sketches of character and life, shew the too common uncertainty of human fortune, and happiness; and point with a good moral tendency to lessons inculcated by every change. There is also much interest involved in the story; and though some of the parties speak and act more as the author chooses to shape than as they would do in nature under the reality of the circumstances described, there is enough to gratify the not too fastidious reader in these pages.

The Anglo-Indian Passage Homeward and Outward; or, a Card for the Overland Traveller. &c. &c. By D. Lester Richardson, author of "Literary Leaves," &c. Pp. 190. London, Madden and Malcolm.

WITH many illustrations, and especial notices of Gibraltar, Malta, Cairo, Aden, and strongly

recommends the overland transit between Great Britain and her great colonial empire. As a descriptive guide, it is pleasantly written, and seems to contain all the information requisite to facilitate and improve the enjoyments of the hasty travel. Once a poet, like once a captain always a captain, is we presume always a poet; but Mr. Richardson has not retired from the service on half or no pay. Even into his Handbook he has introduced some ocean-sketches in verse, sonnets, and other pieces, which afford pleasing indications of a well-harmonised mind and genuine feeling for natural beauties.

Gertrude. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. Edited by the Rev. W. Sewell, B.D. 2 vols. Longmans.

BELONGS to the class which has become common in later times, under the form of fiction, to propagate the views on education, morals, and religion of a particular school.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

TUESDAY (continued).

SECTION E.—(Medical Science.)

1. Lyeock (Dr.) on a case of hemorrhagic affection of the heart.
2. Duncan (Dr.) on a peculiar form of epidemic affecting the teeth and gums of young children last winter in Dublin.
3. Fisher (Prof.) on the vascularity of the scrofulous tubercle.
4. Leeson (Dr.) on an apparatus for minute injection.
5. Thurnham (Dr.) on a case of *Spina bifida*.

1. A short communication from Mr. Spencer Wells, of the Naval Hospital, Malta.

2. The epidemic alluded to broke out among the children in a Dublin workhouse last winter, and the attacked were all females except one. The appearance was like that produced by an excessive use of mercury, and in some cases the face and neck were spotted. Dr. D. defended the discreet use of mercury, and contended that it could by no possibility have produced the disease in question.—Mr. Meyer, of Leghorn, had seen a similar disease in Vienna in 1838.

3. Strictly medical.

4. Dr. Leeson's apparatus for producing minute injection acts by hydrostatic pressure, water being kept in a limpid state.

5. The disease produced death.

Close of the Sitting.—Dr. Haviland explained the proposed alteration in the title of this section. But he wished it to be distinctly understood, that although they had slightly changed their names, they had not changed their constitution.

SECTION F.—(Statistics.)

1. Jullien (M.) on universal statistics.
2. Stark (Dr.) on statistics of small-pox.
3. Kenrick (G. S.) on the statistics of Merthyr Tydvil.
4. Lyeock (Dr.), vital statistics of the United States.
5. Boys (Rev. T.), data for selecting sites for colonial towns.

1. M. Jullien's paper was a long one, in the French language, the gist of which was to propose that a union be effected of good statistical observers, and a collection of statistical abstracts formed in every country, and which would present to the reader progressive and comparative tables of observations and experiences. He proposed that the members should collect and transmit, to a central body, all the interesting and instructive facts relating to the advancement of comparative civilisation, which should then be classified, arranged, and in a way digested, so as to furnish a monthly magazine for the whole world, like an Encyclopædia, and embracing the following subjects: 1. health and population; 2. public works; 3. agriculture; 4.

mines; 5. commerce; 6. colonies; 7. government plans for the benefit of the people; 8. poor-houses and asylums of different kinds; 9. courts of justice and prisons; 10. educational plans; 11. libraries and museums, and scientific institutions; 12. religions considered in their relations to the state of the people; 13. antiquities and the fine arts; 14. dramatical literature and theatres; 15. establishments and questions of domestic economy; 16. individuals who are benefactors to humanity, and who have rendered, or who will still render, important service to the public. He further proposed, that this magazine should appear at the same time every month, in English and French, in the capitals of London and Paris, and should form a sort of intellectual railway between the two countries; that there should be the statistics published of comparative civilisation, as well as the science of comparative anatomy and comparative geology.

2. The tables shewed a saving of 55 per cent of the population where vaccination prevailed, taking their data from the number of deaths which occurred previous to the introduction of vaccination. It was contended, that the present prevalence of the small-pox [?] arose not from the inefficacy of the vaccine virus, or that its property became weakened by time, but from the neglect of parents in not having their children vaccinated; and when instances did occur of the small-pox seizing persons who had been previously vaccinated, the disease assumed a much milder form, and the deaths consequent upon it very rare.

3. The population of the place is 32,968; an immense number of whom were employed in the iron and coal trade. The country was bleak, and few persons lived in Merthyr Tydvil except those who were engaged in trade. 10,000 of the population were unable to speak English intelligibly; only 4000 were English persons; 11,000 could not read; 11,759 never attended a place of worship; 2587 were in the general habit of getting intoxicated; there were 2 churches and 15 chapels; intemperance prevailed to a great extent, and was increasing, and the morals of the people were of the lowest order. There were several schools, but of a very inferior description, some of the mistresses being unable to write their own names.—the object of parents appeared merely to keep the children out of mischief. The streets were not paved, and very dirty; the wages of the working classes varied from 70s. to 22s. per week; but they were very imprudent, especially those who were best paid; their object being to get drink—drink—drink; and yet the beer was of so disagreeable a flavour, that it would not be tolerated in England.—In the conversation which followed it transpired, that those mechanics who were the best workmen were generally the most improvident. Men who earned, at Birmingham, from 5l. to 6l. weekly, if only out of work two or three days, from illness, were compelled to seek relief from the parish.

4. This paper divided the United States into three divisions, and contained tables of their population.

5. Read by Mr. Fletcher. Thanks were then passed for all the papers; and previous to the conclusion of the proceedings of the Section, Mr. Porter made some observations on the importance of statistics. The Section terminated its sittings at two o'clock.

SECTION G.—(Mechanics.)

Prof. Cowie, of the College of Civil Engineers at Putney, prepared to lay some re-

marks before this section, on the subject of experiments on the strength of wood and cast iron, but the paucity of the audience, which has prevailed all the week, induced him to take his friend Prof. Willis's advice, and reserve his observations for another time.

WEDNESDAY.

The Sections A., B., C., and D. met, and also the sub-section Ethnology; but owing to the numbers who flocked to hear Prof. Ansted on coal-mine ventilation, the Chemical did not sit till between one and two o'clock.

SECTION A.—(Mathematical and Physical Science.)

1. Wedgwood (H.) on the premises of geometry.
2. Bashforth (A.), description of an engine for finding the numerical roots of equations, and tracing a variety of useful curves.
3. Everest (Col.) on the geodetical operations of India.
4. Fisher (G.) on the origin of the aurora borealis.
5. Gravier (M. C.) on shooting stars.
6. Edmunds (R.) on remarkable lunar periodicities in earthquakes, extraordinary oscillations of the sea, and great atmospheric changes.
7. Hamilton (Sir W. R.) on the system of quaternions.
8. Howard (L.) on a lunar meteorological cycle.

With the exception of No. 5, which we gave at length in our last number but one, the communications above described were either too abstruse for brief and popular notice, too voluminous and fanciful for any advantage to be derived from a mere account of the notions deduced, or too incomplete to be intelligible.

SECTION B.—(Chemical Science.)

1. Tilley and MacLagan (Drs.) on the oil of asafetida.
2. Hunt (R.) on remarkable chemical and molecular changes produced by the solar rays; and on the powers of actinism in disturbing electrical forces.
3. Schönbein (Prof.) on the hydrate of nitric acid.
4. Johnston (Prof.) on the germination of barley, and the use of the husk to the young plant.
5. Norton (J. P.) on the composition of certain slate-rocks, and of the soils formed from them.

1. The oils of garlic, mustard, and asafetida contain the same organic radical, as the tea-plant, coffee-plant, and Paraguan tea-plant contain them, and are similarly used.

2. Mr. Hunt communicated to the section the results of his researches into the phenomena of chemical change produced by the sun's rays, this being a continuation of the subject brought forward by him at the York meeting of the British Association. The experiments described were in many respects very similar to those already published; but they were, for the most part, tried with the isolated rays of the prismatic spectrum. It was found that in all cases precipitation was accelerated by the action of the sun's rays, and that the colour of the precipitate was materially brightened by the action of strong light. Permanganate of potash in solution in tubes was placed in the different prismatic rays. In a few minutes a copious precipitation took place in the tubes exposed to the blue, indigo, and violet rays, but not any for some time in the tubes exposed to the yellow and red rays. The same results were obtained with the platinate of lime, and solutions of iron in water containing carbonic acid. It was also found that many solutions became chemically different after exposure to sunshine, and produced effects different from similar solutions preserved in darkness. Sulphate of iron dissolved in water in darkness requires some hours to precipitate gold or silver from their solutions. If, however, the same solution is exposed for a few hours to sunshine, it acquires the property of instantly precipitating gold or silver. This property was found by experiment to be entirely dependent upon the more refrangible

rays of the spectrum; the most luminous rays producing no change, whereas the dark rays beyond the violet very speedily produce the required condition. This was found to be the case with many other bodies; and although the number of experiments yet made have been, compared with the numerous conditions of chemical combination, comparatively few, yet the author is of opinion that it will be found that in all cases the principle of the solar rays to which he has given the name of actinism will act as a great disturbing agent. A variety of experiments made with a view to determine the influence of the sun's rays on electrical manifestations were described. In every electrical arrangement made with a view to effect metallic precipitation, it was found that the solar beam retarded, and in some cases entirely stopped, the electro-chemical action. But where the electrical excitation was due to gaseous combination, as in Professor Grove's gas-battery, it appeared that light, or some principle associated with it, quickened the action. Being led by these discoveries to believe that it was not improbable but that the conditions of chemical combination would be materially modified, some experiments were made by Mr. Hunt with a view of determining this interesting question. Considering that already the evidence afforded by the very remarkable photographic phenomena of the chrysotype and other processes introduced by Sir John Herschel, and of the chromatype discovered by himself, afforded evidence of the kind alluded to, a solution of the bichromate of potash and sulphate of copper, such as is used for the chromatype, was made. One half was kept for a month in perfect darkness, and the other half exposed to daylight, under exactly the same conditions, for the same period. Both solutions were then evaporated at the same temperature, and it was found that the crystals afforded by the solution which had been kept in darkness were different in all their external characters, and in their chemically combining proportions, from those which had been exposed to daylight. In the first case, two salts—a peculiar double salt of copper and potash, and a new salt of chromium—are formed; whereas, in the other instance, four distinct salts of copper and of chromium result. Some other instances of like changes were alluded to; the investigations of which were not yet completed.

A number of very curious cases of spontaneous chemical change, brought about in the first instance by the influence of the sun's rays, shewing the silent and secret operation of some principle which is not yet satisfactorily understood, were then mentioned. The production of colour by the differently coloured rays, and stated to have been discovered, particularly by the action of the prismatic spectrum on a photographic paper prepared with the fluato of soda and nitrate of silver, was described; and the probability of being enabled eventually to copy nature in the beauty of colour made the subject of speculation.

3. Results of chemical experiments. Nitrous acid absorbs ozone, and the peroxide of hydrogen is probably the active principle in the production of nitric acid.

4. The husk affords silica to the roots of young plants, which contain a large proportion of it—each, *i. e.* husk and root, having 16 per cent. The husk of the oat is easily detachable after the plant has germinated, while that of barley is not.

5. These analyses were undertaken to determine how far rocks of the same formation may vary in different strata as to their chemical

composition, and with an especial view to the determination of the lime. The specimens were seven in number, and all from Wigtownshire, Scotland, being from different strata of the great clay-slate formation, which forms a broad belt from St. Abb's Head across to the Mull of Galloway. In analysis the finely powdered slate was first treated with hydrochloric acid, and afterwards filtered to separate the insoluble part, which was fused with carbonate of soda. This method was adopted because it gave in the acid solution that part of the slate immediately available to the plant, and, in the part afterwards fused, that which must first slowly decompose. In all other respects, the methods adopted in the analysis were such as are familiar to every chemist. The alkalies were determined by loss, and were derived chiefly from small scales of mica, which were abundantly disseminated through most of the specimens.

With these necessary explanations, I present a table of the whole seven analyses.

	Silica	Iron and Alumina soluble in hydrochloric acid	Iron and Alumina insoluble in hydrochloric acid after fusion with carbonate of lime	Carbonate of lime	Caustic lime	Caustic magnesia	Alkalies and loss
100-00	60.13	3.81	13.30	12.77	0.34	1.35	2.94
100-00	58.98	5.01	18.19	0.46	0.02	1.67	5.75
100-00	27.53	7.67	29.29	3.24	0.73	1.80	5.05
100-00	73.79	0.83	9.45	0.83	2.15	0.94	4.20
100-00	47.59	4.89	31.40	0.39	0.43	2.90	0.72
100-00	57.82	13.13	20.4	0.30	0.50	1.91	1.91
100-00	74.70	7.09	14.61	0.30	0.30	2.79	2.77

It will be seen from the above, that the differences in composition are remarkable. The carbonate of lime, for instance, in No. 1, is 12.77 per cent; in No. 2, 0.46; in No. 3, 3.24; in No. 4, none. The magnesia does not take so wide a range, but still presents marked variations. Both of these substances, given as carbonates, consisted partly of soluble silicates; the proportion being in every case quite small. The quantity of soluble iron and alumina is not larger than might have been expected, the highest being, in No. 6, 12.13 per cent. It is unnecessary to particularise the variations which occur in the insoluble part, as a glance at the table will shew that the great difference in the proportion of silica alone involves corresponding differences in the other substances. In directing attention to the character of the soils derived from the decomposition of these slates, we find that No. 1, with 12 per cent of lime, and a proper proportion of magnesia, alkalies, iron and alumina, and silica, is fitted to produce a very good soil. No. 6, with scarcely any lime, 6 per cent of magnesia, and more than 40 per cent of iron and alumina, is, on the other hand, likely to make a very bad

one. Between these two extremes we have a gradation, only No 3 comparing well with No. 1. It is of importance to remember that these represent only a few of the many strata of the clay-slate formation; probably equal differences prevail among the others. How necessary is chemical investigation in such cases! The abundance of lime in one, and the almost total lack in another, shews how farmers in the same neighbourhood may entertain conflicting opinions as to its value. The farmer on No. 1 has already an abundance of lime, while No. 6 has scarcely any. They may be near neighbours; and the one may, from experience, say that it is worthless, while the other extols its virtues; such is the source of very many of the conflicting opinions as to the use of lime. We also see how dangerous it is to say that any particular manure will economically render fertile every soil. In some of the soils derived from these slates there is a special deficiency of lime, and they can only be cultivated profitably by a supply of that special want. No compound manure could add enough, unless at a ruinous expense. This may shew how indispensable is the union of practical experience with chemical theory.

The above analyses are not presented to the section as requiring any uncommon degree of chemical skill, but as bringing forward some important practical points, and as such, it is thought, may not be unworthy of their attention.

SECTION C.—(Geology and Physical Geography.)

1. Ansted (Prof.) on the ventilation of coal-mines, with suggestions concerning the method of working that might be adopted to prevent the frequent occurrence of accidents by noxious gases.

2. Owen (Prof.), report on the extinct animals of Australia, with additional observations on the genus *Dinornis* of New Zealand.

3. Salter (J. W.), notice of some important additions to the fossils of the silurian rocks.

4. Charlesworth (E.) on the fossil bodies regarded as the teeth of fish by M. Agassiz, and described in the *Poissons Fossiles* under the generic name *Sphenonchus*; and

5. On the oolites of fishes in the London clay.

6. Hall (E.) on the Derbyshire toadstones, basalt, trap, or whin.

1. See *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1487, for a full and faithful report of this important paper.

2. For this, in the same manner, see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1487.

3. Went to shew the existence of the starfish in silurian rocks, and led to the conclusion that there were more organic forms in that system approaching modern deposits than had been believed.

4. Announced on Agassiz' *Poissons Fossiles*, and especially on the genus *Sphenonchus*. Mr. C. contended that what Mr. A. considered to be teeth were in reality spines, and adduced an ichthyolite in the possession of Mr. Higgins of Clifton, in proof of this fact.

5. Mr. C., in this communication, stated that no bones were found where there were oolites, and *vice versa*.

6. Treated of the existence of thick layers of toadstone between every stratum of limestone; and Mr. Hall was warmly complimented for his long life of geological labours.

The business concluded with thanks to Prof. Sedgwick.

SECTION D.—(Zoology and Botany.)

1. Denny (Mr.), report on the undescribed species of *Anopleura*.

2. Ibbetson (Capt.) on the preservation of plants by the means of the electrolyte.

A very brief meeting, to which was communicated the progress made by Mr. Denny in describing and classing *Anopleura*; and Capt. Ibbetson exhibited his admirable specimens of electrolytized plants. Mr. Andrews made some

observations on Irish saxifrages, which he held to be confined to only two true species, and, comparing them with those of the Pyrenees, differed from the conclusions come to by Mr. Babington.

A letter from Capt. Portlock, on the dredging at Corfu, stated a number of facts and observations, which led him to the conclusion that the distribution of species was rather governed by local peculiarities in the existence of food than by differences of depth.

Mr. Thompson read an extract from a letter addressed to him by Mr. Alder,* and dated Salcombe, June 17, 1845; in which it was stated that he had lately obtained at Torbay about a dozen species of *Mollusca nudibranchiata*, new to the British fauna. They consist of four species of *doris*, five or six of *colis*, and an animal of an entirely new genus, approaching nearest to *tritonia* in form. A very curious little mollusk was also noticed as procured on the same occasion, presenting characters different from any described species, but resembling in general appearance the genus *pelta* of Quatrefages.

•• We have now, with only two or three postponements, reported the entire scientific business of the Cambridge meeting, excepting the sub-section Ethnology. As opportunity offers, we intend to notice the interesting proceedings of the latter; and also to complete the other transactions where ought of general importance has been slightly passed over or omitted.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

July 7th.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, president, in the chair. Mr. E. Doubleday exhibited a fine collection of nocturnal *Lepidoptera* from Sydney, including a new species of *Duratifera*, the larva of which stings very severely. Mr. Westwood exhibited two cases of monstrosity in the male of the honey-bee. A new British moth (*Eupithecia togata*) was exhibited by Mr. Desvignes; several very rare Alpine species, from Scotland, captured by Mr. Weaver, by Mr. J. F. Stephens; numerous rare British *Coleoptera*, by Mr. Wollaston; both sexes of *Iso globularia*, by Mr. Weir (captured at Lewes); the preparatory states of *Prionus coriarius*, by Mr. Frend; several new and curious *Longicorn* beetles, from Hunter's River, by Mr. W. W. Saunders; and drawings and dissections of a new Indian species of *Tricentoloma*, by Mr. Westwood. A paper was read by Mr. W. W. Saunders, containing the description of the male of *Gastroxides*, an Indian genus of *Tabanidae*, from Col. Hearsay's collection; and extracts from a letter addressed to the same gentleman by Capt. Boys, containing a notice of the different species of locusts in India, and a new species of *Idmara*, one of the pierideous butterflies.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE last conversation at Mr. Pettigrew's, on Wednesday evening, previous to the Winchester meeting on Monday, was fully attended by gentlemen distinguished in the various walks of learning and science. The literary antiquaries were much gratified by the inspection of

* Mr. Thompson had previously read from the same naturalist a paper on a new genus, *Mollusca nudibranchiata*, allied to the *Tritonia arborescens*, and distinguished from the *Tritonia Hombergii* by the form of their tentacula and the free arborescent nature of their branchia. This new genus it was proposed to call *Dendronotus*, its internal structure appearing to remove it from the family of *Dorididae* into that of *Eolididae*, and to place it as the first in order of the connecting links between these two families.

several curious manuscripts; and, among others, by the patent for Nell Gwynne's pension (for herself and her son Charles, afterwards created Earl of Burford), and the vouchers for its quarterly payment in sums of 1250*l*. The famous Chiffinch figures in these transactions; and the poet "Thomas Otway" signs one of the sheets as a witness. A yet more curious paper was the same Mrs. Eleanor Gwynne's apothecary's bill; a pretty long one, and full of amusing items, illustrative of the medical practice of that day. One of the tables was covered with Roman-London remains of Samian ware, &c.; some of it dug up within the last few weeks in making the city sewers between Fenchurch Street and the river. Two or three specimens of remarkable glass were amongst the number; and there were several little vessels of the rarest character, and fragments enriched with ornaments and figures of extraordinary beauty. A border with a series of female forms, nearly resembling the Venus de Medicis, and a single statue-like person in the grandest style (on a broken piece of pottery) attracted much notice, and are well worth being copied in other lines of art.

The majority of the party, from these and other indications of coming events, anticipated great enjoyment at the approaching congress.

We learn from Winchester that several members of the Central Committee have been there during the week, preparing everything for the assemblage on Monday, and carrying out the rest of the rich and tempting programme into effect. Drawings have been made of early paintings in the cathedral, and the town authorities are all on the alert with their good offices. We are also informed, that "Mr. Way's party, who talked so much derisively about the barrow-digging at Canterbury, have nevertheless been busily seeking barrows in Hampshire, as near to Winchester as possible, those in the immediate vicinity having been reserved for the approaching archaeological meeting by the proprietor, who is a friend of the original institution. It is also currently rumoured, that Mr. Way, or one of his party, having heard of some barrows on a farm about five miles from Winchester, wrote very earnestly to the farmer to know if he had any. The farmer returned for answer that he had several on his farm, and that they were very good ones. The individual forthwith repaired to the spot, and on his arrival was shewn some excellent new wheel barrows!"

The meeting, we believe it is decided, will be held in the County Hall, which is a very early and interesting building, with articles of antiquarian interest on every side. The bearers of tickets will be admitted to all parts of the cathedral, without payment to the vergers; and the visit to Netley Abbey will be enlivened by a regatta of the Isle of Wight Yacht Club, which happens to take place on the river of Southampton on the same day.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL DISPUTE.

OF this dispute we, and we believe, the public, and especially every well-wisher to archaeology, are completely tired, but we are forced to give place to an appeal to our justice. Mr. Turner writes us:

"Mr. Hodgson was furnished with a list of the officers of the association, when, by direction of the central committee, I wrote to solicit his co-operation. The name of Mr. Roach Smith did not appear in such list, therefore Mr. Hodgson was not attracted by it. Moreover, my letter to him was strictly official, and signed as assistant-secretary to the association;

consequently, my friend could not 'have been deceived by an individual' unknown to that association. When you charged the central committee with improperly using Mr. Hodgson's name, Mr. Way forwarded to you copies of his letters addressed to me, fully authorising such use of it: these you politely inserted in the *Literary Gazette*; and it must be clear to every impartial person that no mere verbal assertion, not even the respectable assertion of Mr. Roach Smith, can disturb the effect of that documentary evidence. Mr. Smith may have such letters as he describes—why not publish them? As you have thought proper to charge me with deception, I rely on your sense of justice for the insertion of this reply.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, T. HUDSON TURNER."

FINE ARTS.

General Sir W. Nott. Painted by T. Brigstoke. Engraved by G. Raphael Ward.

THIS is a fine whole-length of a gallant soldier, which does great credit to both artists. The poise of the figure is extremely good; firm yet easy, and unaffected yet effective. The military character is evinced by it, as much as by the bold head and manly countenance; and the orders which deck the person, indications how bravely he had sustained many a hard-fought field. The accessories are few and simple, unobtrusive as they ought to be, but also appropriate. A ruggedness in the foreground on the left, and a distance of Indian scenery on the right, are suitable to the principal object; and when we consider the national interest attached to this distinguished individual, we cannot but feel highly pleased by his transmission to the canvass in so excellent a manner by Mr. Brigstoke; and to the very able style in which Mr. Ward has employed his art in multiplying its attractions.

John Dalton, D.C.L. Drawn and Engraved by J. Stephenson; Manchester, J. Stephenson; London, R. Lloyd.

IN this biographical portrait we find a good likeness of a man who did honour to science, and reflected it on Manchester; which populous place he helped much to elevate to the intellectual standard it occupies among the best informed places in England. There are his features and character; but, if any thing, we think the former too large, and we miss altogether a certain refinement which made his head, in life, so very striking. Mr. Stephenson's production is nevertheless quite faithful enough to hand down to posterity a pleasing memorial of the author of the Atomic Theory.

Picturesque Views of Windsor Castle and the surrounding Scenery, &c. Dedicated to the Queen. By Paul Gauci. No. I.

THIS fasciculus consists of six views on stone, viz. the Castle, from the Clewer fields and from the cross roads; two of Eton, from the North Terrace, the East Terrace, and the Long Walk. The execution is extremely good. The Castle, always a magnificent object, is finely seen in the first view, and beautifully in the second, as more distant, with a framework of noble trees in the foreground. The East Terrace has no remarkable feature as landscape, but is an accurate picture of the building. The view of Eton in the distance is the most interesting of the two representations, and, like the Long Walk of Windsor, a very pleasing subject. There is somewhat too much uniformity in the tinting of the skies; but the rural forms throughout appear to be true to nature, and consequently gratifying to the eye and sense.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

The Polynesian.—In one of a long file of this journal, which is "published weekly at Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaiian Islands," and with which we have been favoured by the editor, we find a review of a work entitled, "Notices of the Life, Character, and Labours of the late Bartimeus L. Puakaiki of Wailuku, Maui, by J. S. Green, Lahainaluna." It is not only characteristic of the state of society, but curiously descriptive of the literary progress of Polynesia, and begins thus:—

"We have had the pleasure of receiving from the author the above work. A book in English from a Hawaiian press was, not long since, a *rara avis*; but now the list of authors who clothe their thoughts in that language is very respectable. Literature is looking up among us. A very fair beginning has been made—the more creditable to those who have adventured in this field, as pay is altogether out of the question. We have few readers at these islands, and still fewer purchasers; but let not these obstacles discourage those who feel the true inspiration of '*cacoethes scribendi*,' for the taste for the one will increase with the means of gratifying it, and the number of the other with the betterment of their estates.—But to return to the subject before us. He (Puakaiki) was born at Maui about 1785, and when an infant his mother attempted to bury him alive; but a relative, more humane, rescued him. He early acquired great skill in the rude dance called '*hula pahua*,' and in the barbarous singing of the day, and was inordinately addicted to the use of the noxious and intoxicating '*awa*.' He was a proficient also in the use of '*kake*,' a language unintelligible to any but those initiated in its mysteries.' These accomplishments—if we may be allowed the term—were the means of securing him the patronage and favour of Kamamalu, queen of Liholiho, and he became the court-buffoon. Owing to his peculiar habits and exposure, he had almost entirely lost the use of his eyes. Soon after the arrival of the missionaries, he attracted the notice of Honoli, a Christian Hawaiian; and as soon as the new doctrine was made intelligible to him, he became a zealous and faithful convert. From this time he was, emphatically, a new man. * * * Such an example pleads eloquently the cause of missions. He spoke much and with great eloquence in his teaching; and died September 17th, 1843."

The following are from the miscellaneous paragraphs:—

"*Big Lip and Large Mouth.*—The lip of a right whale, taken on the north-west this season, gave eighteen barrels of oil, and the bone of his mouth measured seventeen feet in length. The body was lost; but he was said to be the monster of Kamtschatka."

"*Sudden fall, and up again.*—During the shower at noon on the 9th inst., the thermometer, in a few minutes, fell five and a half degrees."

MUSIC.

THE CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Practical Analysis of the Elementary Principles of Harmony. By Mrs. Jos. Kirkman. London, Cramer, Beale, & Co.

THE object of the present work is to simplify the rudiments of the science of music; and we are bound in justice to say, that the accomplished authoress of this, as well as a previous excellent work for the guitar, has achieved the end to which she aspired.

We find the terminology employed throughout

out this work divested of those superfluous technicalities which involve the study of harmony in mystery. We have, in an earlier stage of the "Contrapuntal and Musical Review," noticed many of those incongruous terms which are applied to express some of the most simple points in harmony, and consequently hail with pleasure a production disencumbered of them.

There is much originality and invention also displayed in this work; qualities which usually manifest a clear understanding, and generally prove an author to possess a comprehensive insight into the subject under consideration.

We generally look with suspicion on abridged and compiled musical works; because, unfortunately, they rarely if ever display good taste in selecting the most erudite and safe theories in music, nor can they be even of much service to their readers; for works which are neither over clear nor over sound, necessarily become more unintelligible when they are abridged. It is perfectly certain, also, that an author who has not the perception to detect the vagueness of the book he is wading through and curtailing, is a most incompetent person to impart knowledge to others.

The language of our authoress is simple and pleasing. The Model Scale, the Harmonical Circle, and the Practical Exercise-book, are very ingenious, clear, and instructive means for acquiring a practical and theoretical insight into harmony.

We would strongly recommend this work to governesses, and for class-teaching; and we conclude our remarks by advising Mrs. Kirkman to form classes herself.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON VISITING THE PUBLIC CEMETERY AT NAPLES.

[The cemetery at Naples consists of fifty-two vaults (originally 365), each of which in rotation is open for a week for the reception of the dead, which are flung headlong into it without the slightest regard for feeling or decency. At the same time the corresponding vault of the previous year is opened from below, and the decayed remains carried away. The expression in the sonnet below, "without a home on earth," refers to the lazzaroni, who live entirely in the open streets of Naples.]

HAVE this gay people not a thought to spare
From life's vain dance and song, so quickly past?
Have those without a home on earth no care
To gain an undisturbed abode at last?
Within this noisome den behold, aghast,
Each humbling stage of man's decay laid bare!
From the grim skeleton still manifested there,
To these yet taintless forms, so rudely cast,
Within its jaws to-day!—then turn thine eye
From this, the dead's vile lodging, not a home,
To England's graves around the House of God;
And if a brighter sun, a bluer sky
A kinder breeze, have tempted thee abroad,
In softer climes to live—stay not to die!

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charm so dear
As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things afar still sweetest are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth hath nought
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,
When Hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken!—

Though all were night: if but the light
From Friendship's altar crown'd us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our Home and Friends around us!

CHARLES SWAIN.

TELL ME, DEAREST.

TELL ME, dearest, should I lose thee,
What is my poor heart to do?
Thou'lt not take me, nor refuse me—
Have me mute, nor hear me woo!
None, thou say'st, hath warmer greeting,
But for *love*'s yet too soon—
Whilst we wait, love, time is fleeting—
Youth is not a fadeless boon.
'Tis as though the rose should say, love,
"Thou, bright sun, art all I see;
Yet, oh, take thy beams away, love—
Though so sweet, too soon for me!"
Should the bright sun *lead* the rose, love,
When so much she doth impart?
Can that come too soon which thows, love,
Constant sunlight o'er the heart?

CHARLES SWAIN.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Russell's Concert.—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Russell gave a concert at the Hanover-Square Rooms, the proceeds to be given to the subscription for the family of the late Thomas Hood. The "Song of a Shirt," and some other new pieces of music composed by Mr. Russell, were expressively sung by him on the occasion, and received with great applause. The concert was fairly attended; and, after paying the expenses of the rooms, &c., there will be a surplus, we understand, of some ten pounds to the fund.

Mr. A. Campbell, nephew of the poet, has been appointed to an office in the Customs by Sir Robert Peel.—*Globe.*

French Scientific Expedition.—The gun-brig *Bougonnais* has arrived at Brest, after an absence of above three years, during which period she has made a hydrographic survey of immense extent within the tropics, including more than 250 leagues of the river Amazon and its principal tributaries.

The German Naturalists hold their next annual congress at Nuremberg, commencing the 13th of October, and lasting three weeks.

Libels in Newspapers.—The periodical press stands indeed on ticklish ground in respect to the publication of libels; and several recent cases of prosecution (or rather persecution and suffering) call aloud for the correction of this evil. Mr. Thomas Wood, the proprietor of the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, has been convicted of a libel for copying some passages *verbatim* from the minutes of the Committee of Council on Education in an inquiry into the grammar-school at Lichfield. For this offence (2) 50*l.* damages were given; whilst for the original publication an apology is offered on the part of the crown, and 40*l.* awarded. Can anything legal be more monstrous? The *Warder* and *Statesman* newspapers also, in consequence of certain observations on abuses in the factory system, have been brought into court at Waterford, and a verdict of 500*l.*!! given against them. Feeling this to be a grinding oppression, a public subscription has been set on foot to raise the amount of this penalty, and about 500*l.* more of costs!!

Sea-Volcano.—On the 18th ult. the ship *Victory*, Capt. Cathness, encountered a remarkable phenomenon in the Mediterranean, lat. 36° 40' 58", and long. 13° 14' 36"; whilst quite calm, a sudden blast of wind carried off her top-gallant and royal masts, and the gale continuing, the crew were almost choked with sulphureous exhalations and dust, accompanied by intense heat, and the issue of balls of fire from the sea.

Great Fires.—Smyrna, after Quebec, has been

terribly desolated by a conflagration, which has caused a loss of property which is calculated at 200,000,000 piastres.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Indian Law.—We understand that Mr. William Morley, of the Middle Temple, has nearly completed an Analytical Digest of all the reported cases decided in the Queen's and Company's courts in India, and on appeal to the privy council here. A work of this kind has long been a desideratum; and the decisions of Sir E. West, Sir J. Macintosh, Sir A. Anstruther, and Sir Erskine Perry, never before published, must add much to its value and authority. An appendix, containing a collection of all the *dicta* of the Hindu and Muhammadan law officers attached to the different courts, is also annexed.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The World Surveyed in the Nineteenth Century, by W. D. Cooley: Vol. I., Parrot's Journey to Anah, 8vo, maps and cuts, 1*l.*—Alfred, a Drama, by Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., fcp., 4*s.*—Twelve Hundred Questions and Answers on the Bible, intended principally for the use of Schools and Young Persons, by M. H. and J. H. Myers, 12mo, 5*s.*, or in 2 vols. 5*s.* 6*d.*—Hand Book of Spain, 2 vols. crown 8vo, 30*s.*—Peep into Architecture, by Eliza Chalk, with illustrations, square, 4*s.*—Barbari Praticante A Roma, scritto da Raffaele Ciccol, 12mo, sd. 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Autobiography of Sir S. D'Ewice, edited by J. O. Halliwell, 2 vols. 8vo, 28*s.*—The Prince of Orange, an Historical Romance, 3 vols. post 8vo, 31*s.* 6*d.*—Credit the Life of Commerce, by J. H. Elliott, 12mo, 4*s.*—The Mysteries of Paris, Vol. II., royal 8vo, 18*s.*—The Whiteby, fcp. II., post 8vo, 7*s.*—Jacobi's Reader: Eighteen Practical Addresses, by Rev. George D. D.D., 12mo, 1*l.*—Commentaries on the Law of Promissory Notes, by J. Story, royal 8vo, 35*s.*—Stories of the Primitive and Early Church, by S. Woodroffe, 16mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. J. Hough's Christianity in India, Vol. XXXIV., 8vo, 24*s.*—A Voice from the East, by the Princess d'Asmar, 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Elements of the Christian Religion, by Rev. Spencer Cooley Drummond, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Hague's Belgium, Vol. II., imp. folio, tinted, half-bd., 4*l.* 4*s.*—The Orders in Chancery, from 1828 to 1845, by R. Levinge Swift, Esq., 12mo, 12*s.*—Perceval's Plain Lectures on St. Matthew, Vol. III., fcp., 5*s.* 6*d.*—Hints on the Culture of Alpine Plants, by James Lothian, fcp., 3*s.* 6*d.*—Bray's Novels: Vol. IV., Fitz of Fitz-Ford, fcp., 6*s.*—The Law of Railways, by Leonard Shelford, 8vo, 12*s.*—Retrospect of the Religious Life of England, by J. J. Taylor, B.A., post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Bulwer's Works: Vol. XIV., Zanoni, fcp., 6*s.*—British Biography, by G. L. Smith, royal 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Lord our Shepherd, by Rev. J. Stephenson, post 8vo, 5*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Ballion, No. 1.—We acknowledge the first flight of this aerostatic magazine. Its object is to cultivate and advance the science of aeronautics.
Erratum in our last.—In notice of the architectural room of the Royal Academy exhibition, for Samuel Beagley, read Samuel Beagley.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Farewell of Mlle. Tagliani:
This Evening, SATURDAY, August 2, will be performed, for the last time, Donizetti's opera, "Anna Bolena," Henry VIII., Signor Lablache; Percy, Signor Moriani; Winston, Mlle. Brambilla; Jane Seymour, Mlle. Rosetti; and Anna Bolena, Madame Grisi.
Between the acts will be presented the "Fin Act" of "La Sinfonia," La Sinfonia, Mlle. Tagliani; Effie, Mlle. Petit Stephan; La Soc. clerc, Madame Coper; Bertha, Mlle. Berenger; James, M. Petrot; George, M. Tondard.

To conclude with a Divertissement, comprising the Pas de la Baccante, by Mlle. Tagliani and Mlle. Petit Stephan, in which she introduced the variation danced by Mlle. Tagliani in the admired Pas de Quatre; the Pas de la Couronne, by Mlle. Cerito and M. St. Leon; and Le Mazurka, from the Ballet Gitana, by Mlle. Tagliani.

Applications for boxes, pit-stalls, and tickets, to be made at the Box-office, Opera Colonnade.—Doors open at seven, and the Opera will commence at half-past seven o'clock.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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